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Volume CLXIX No. 2211 The SPHERE, London, June 6, 1942

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE COMMANDER OF THE 8TH ARMY IN LIBYA, NOW LOCKED IN BATTLE WITH ROMMEL'S FORCES IN THE DESERT: LIEUT.-GENERAL N. M. RITCHIE GREETING THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER DURING THE LATTER'S TOUR OF THE MIDDLE EAST

Now that Rommel has launched his long-expected attack, the British General who is opposing him is again General Ritchie: the latter is thus fighting his second campaign as Commander of the 8th Army. It will be remembered that he took over in mid-November last when he was appointed by General Auchinleck to take the place of General Sir Alan Cunningham, on the retirement of the latter owing to strain and ill-health shortly after the opening of the winter campaign of 1941-42. General Ritchie has been assiduous in his preparations ever since. During the period when each side was engaged in preparation, he lived in the desert in a specially fitted-up lorry which served as his Advanced Headquarters as well as living-room. He has the reputation of being "tough" and uncompromising; and he is forty-four years of age—very young for such an important Command! His knowledge of conditions in the Middle East is considerable. This picture was taken quite recently, during the tour carried out by the Duke of Gloucester, when the latter had just alighted from his aeroplane at a Libyan airfield to be greeted by the General

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 144

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Far Beyond These Voices.

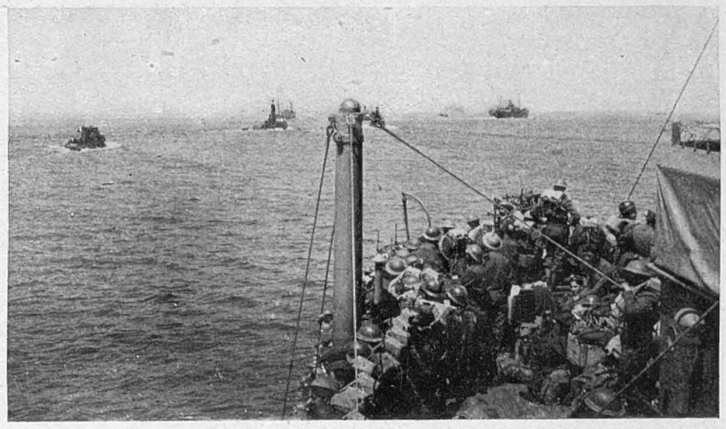
—I am a great admirer of the British character. I see its faults, of course; they are, I think, more apparent in peace than in times of danger. But in many ways peace is more dangerous for Britons than war. My admiration for, and trust in, the British character is not fully shared by our leaders in the Church and State, to judge by their utterances. Their voices are perpetually raised in warnings, flattery and advice. Some people may find these voices confusing and the advice tendered conflicting. Let me make the way to understanding clearer. If you want to beat the enemy, you must foster *hate* in your heart. There must be no hatred. This time we must treat the German people with justice mixed with humanity. This time we must not make the criminal mistake of sparing the blood-guilty German race from the fullest punishment for their crimes. Nothing matters to-day but to win the war. Only short-sighted fools imagine that we can defer planning for post-war reconstruction. You must save every square inch of paper. You must make your returns in quadruplicate monthly to the appropriate department. There are no such things as political parties. It is your bounden duty to support the National *Conservative* candidate (who has a letter from Mr. Churchill himself) or the national *Labour* man (who has Mr. Attlee's written blessing). I could go on with this list of nostrums for three columns, but these samples will do. N.B.—In a war like this, half measures are no good. There can be no compromise, no middle course, no philosophic doubt. I hope I make things clear to you, thus presumptuously adding my voice to the clear voices of our leaders. Don't misunderstand me. These confusing voices do not primarily show up the heavy handicaps which beset democracies in war. Primarily, they underline the superb national characters of the democratic countries. Democracy is the most difficult of all forms of Government. It can only hope to succeed in countries of which the peoples possess outstanding virtues of character.

1942 and All That.

—As I prophesied (and soon enough), the wave of foolish optimism which ran like wildfire across the Allied countries, during a very temporary lull in nasty knocks, has been nipped in the bud. Just "wishful thinking" breaking out wherever it finds the smallest hole. This time the leaders in America grasped the birch rod and chastised the optimists, what time the Kharkov drive slowed down. The world wants peace, and it is human nature to hope for what one wants badly. But it 's no use folding the hands and banking on miracles from heaven. The Germans are a virile race. They have lost in killed how many millions of their best soldiers; in guns, tanks, planes, ships, how many millions of tons? They are a formidable enemy to-day, whatever Wall Street may think. The Japs are a virile race. They have lost in killed up to now . . . nothing worth counting up. The Germans and the Japs between them hold a nice slice of the productive parts of Europe and of the East, and they have sinews of war and to spare. Just a holiday of wishful thinking, and now back to the mill which grinds exceeding slow. Our job in 1942 is to work as never before. Then perhaps 1943 and 1944 will prove more fruitful and less grievous.

"By a Large Majority."—

The only feature which connected this war-Whitsun "holiday" with peacetime Whitsuns (unless you include the weather) was the holding of political and other conferences. Some vigorous, robust and patriotic resolutions were discussed and passed at some of these meetings, which in the main revealed a fine and resolute and united spirit in the nation. Nothing surprising in that! But some of the resolutions which were passed with overwhelming majorities would have cut more ice outside the conference halls if the text of them had been more generously furnished with explanatory footnotes. What, for example, does "the immediate opening of a second front" mean, if it means anything but a stressing of our common warmth of feeling for Russia? Only a very determined and clear-headed arm-chair strategist could tell us what the expression envisages in terms of time, space and material. And "a return to party politics." The people of this country as a whole would pay more attention to a socialist decision not to engage in party politics if some explanatory footnote gave a hint as to the degree of non-participation in wartime, and also as to the new basis and principles of this old political game when the time does come to resume it. The man-in-the-street, while he is perfectly certain that the old rules and labels used in the game are utterly outworn and meaningless, is not quite certain that the old game (with the old greasy pack) is not being played occasionally still in holes and corners in places high and low.



TWO YEARS AGO THIS WEEK: Two hitherto unpublished pictures of the Evacuation of the British Army from Dunkirk: From May 29 to June 3, 1940, the extrication of the British Expeditionary Force from the Beaches at Dunkirk was successfully accomplished—one of the finest feats in which our Army has ever been involved. Pictures of this great and hazardous operation, conceived and executed by genius, are not too numerous. It is for this reason that the two new pictures given here are reproduced on this second anniversary. The one *on the left* shows how our troops left the French coast, with the blazing sheds and docks they left behind forming a sombre background. (Note the white-painted Red Cross hospital ship!) The picture above shows the line of boats of all shapes and sizes which took part in the Evacuation. Both are official photographs only just released

B.B.C. and Proceedings in Parliament.

— Last week three people in very different walks of life expressed to me their intense dislike of the elaborate reports of proceedings in Parliament which overload the news bulletins. All based their chief dislike on the effect which such reports, in so far as they are critical or bitter about Government action and policy, must have upon people in Allied, neutral and Axis countries who do not and never will understand our extraordinary democratic institutions. To such people such speeches (as recently fell from Mr. Hore-Belisha and one or two more severer critics of our war effort and strategy; men who often know what they are talking about) might well suggest that our divergence of opinion about the war and our distrust of our Government have come to the crater edge of revolution. You and I, hardened and inured to our Parliamentary game, know perfectly well that it is part of the "rigour of the game," as played in our exclusive club-house, and means only a nicely-calculated even-mean between patriotic keenness and a desire to impress a Member's personality on his constituents; albeit we recognise that there are some speakers on the Government bench or from independent, opposition or other private angles, who have only to raise their voices to bring up all our hackles of antipathy, not so much to what they say as to the way they say it. Among such are often the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Hore-Belisha. The effect upon the outside world of these bulky, unwieldy blocks of padding in what was intended to be reserved as a balanced précis of the day's events is not the only ground for criticism. The practice reveals also in the B.B.C. a total lack of sense of proportion, relevance and fitness. It makes the B.B.C. boring to a degree, the dinner-bell of the air. It is a negation of all proportion to devote one minute to the Russian campaign and twenty minutes to what may well be the muddled discourse of a Member of Parliament with a swelled head and a swollen ego. In short, the practice, which grows more prevalent and tiresome every day, damages the already damaged reputation of Parliament and the B.B.C., and of Britain before the eyes of the world.

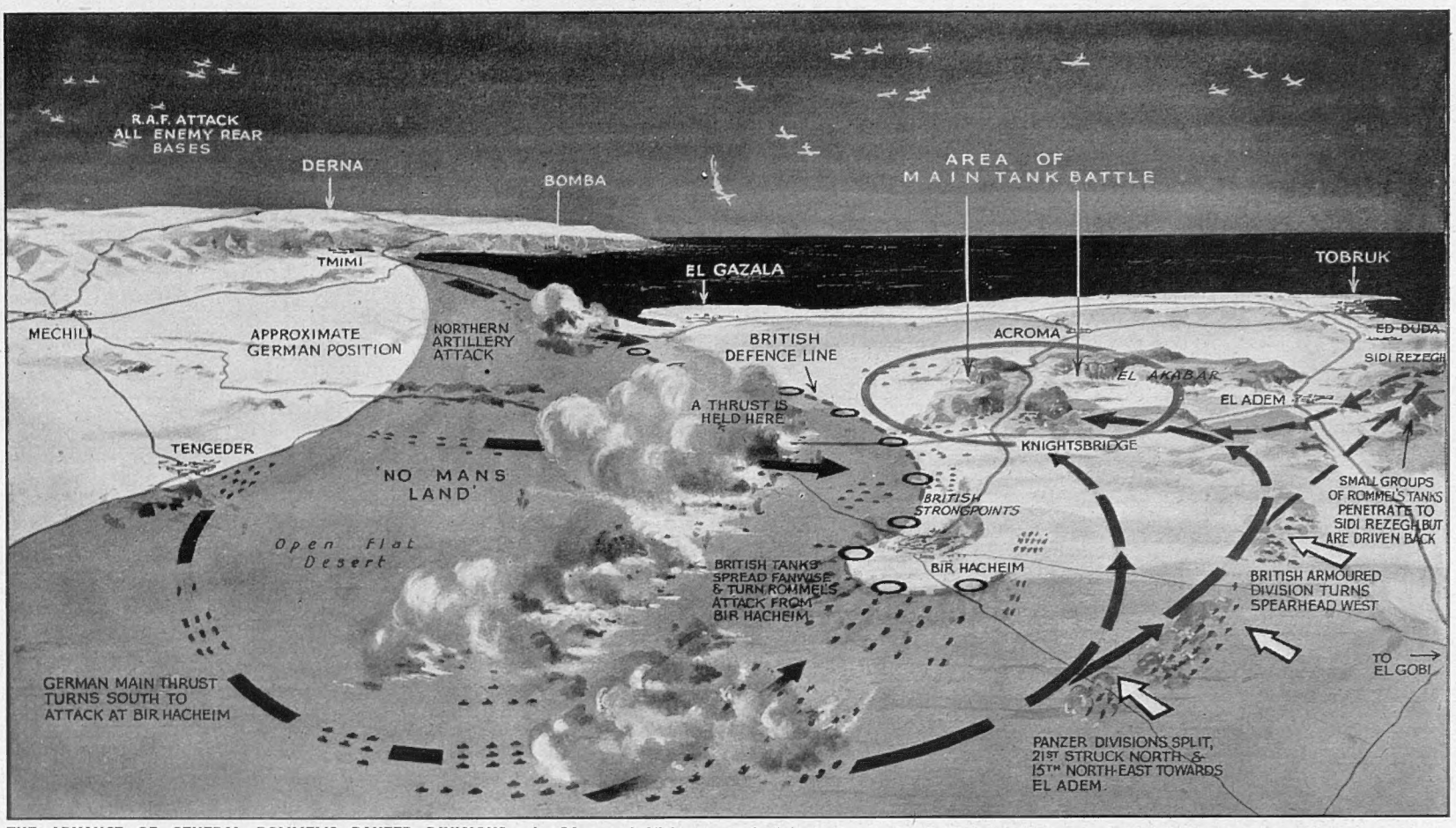
An Appeal to Horse-lovers.

—In the parks and meadows of England to-day there are still thousands of old hunters, polo ponies and Shetlands eating the rich grass and anticipating their share of hay next winter. These are the pensioners of happy memory; they remind us of golden days in the hunting field and of the sagas of the *Maltese Cat* brand; they taught our children to ride; they deserved, and got, the affectionate care which we give in piety to our elderly relations. Can *anything* justify us in curbing that sentimentality, in withholding that loving care? In normal times, *nothing*. Such feelings, such service, do us credit. They are a part of our civilisation and humanity. They are articles of our faith and beacons of our national character. But the present times are not normal. Starvation grins at us in the months ahead, if this or that quite possible eventuality should occur. The Ministry of Agriculture is clear-sighted and provident in foreseeing the possibilities and, justly appraising them, it now appeals to owners of old horses and ponies, which are of no further use in this desperate national effort, to put them down and save their vital feed for the ultimate feeding of human beings. For many of these old pensioners, it is a question perhaps of one more year of life. It is a hard thing to ask of a race of horse-lovers. There can be no sentiment in a war like this. The *bouches inutiles* must be reduced. The Ministry now makes this appeal, and I cannot doubt that it is our duty to our children to lay sentiment aside and obey this stern request voluntarily. Could any other underline the gravity of our present crisis more forcibly?

Neighbourliness.

—There is nothing like gardening to keep kindliness, sanity, neighbourliness, alive. The Nursing Institute scheme for the opening of gardens looked a hopeless proposition enough when the time for a decision came last year. When the axe fell on petrol, and cars were everywhere laid up, it looked to be a flop. It is proving anything but a flop. The receipts are not far below the wartime average up to now. The range of the visitors is reduced, but neighbourliness makes up for the decrease in range. One's neighbours within walking distance know every shrub in one's garden, but they come to admire, as wonder-struck sightseers in a foreign land. They use the bus and the bicycle and the chance of a lift on a road. And those who positively can't come send a shilling by a trusted hand. And such neighbourliness has its rewards. We get tips round the onion bed and learn dodges for simplifying pea-sticking and building up marrow beds. And Nature, approving this proof of a new kindliness in man, has been kinder than usual. Never before has she sent such a wealth of blossoms, or such promise of fruit. The effort is worth while. It has two objects: *Corpus sanum*, in helping District Nursing. *Mens sana*, in an escape from war preoccupations

THE OLD STAGER



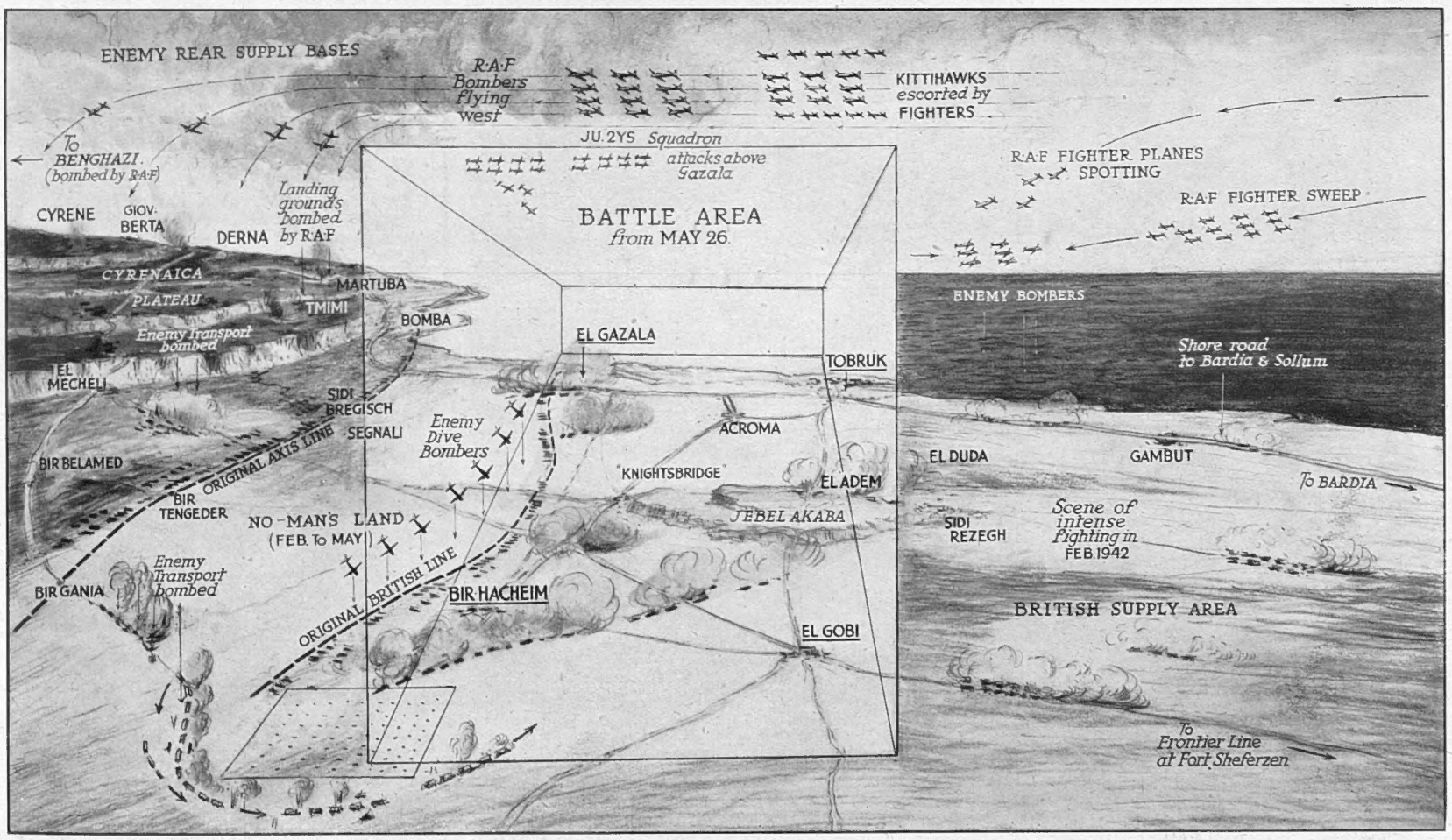
THE ADVANCE OF GENERAL ROMMEL'S PANZER DIVISIONS—the 21st and 15th—around the south of the British fortified line at Bir Hacheim, towards the main battle centre around Acroma; and how these divisions were thrown back by British armoured forces—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE BATTLE IN THE LIBYAN DESERT

Where the Great Clash Between the British and German Armoured Forces is Now Taking Place in the Acroma-Knightsbridge Area

—Special Sphere Drawings

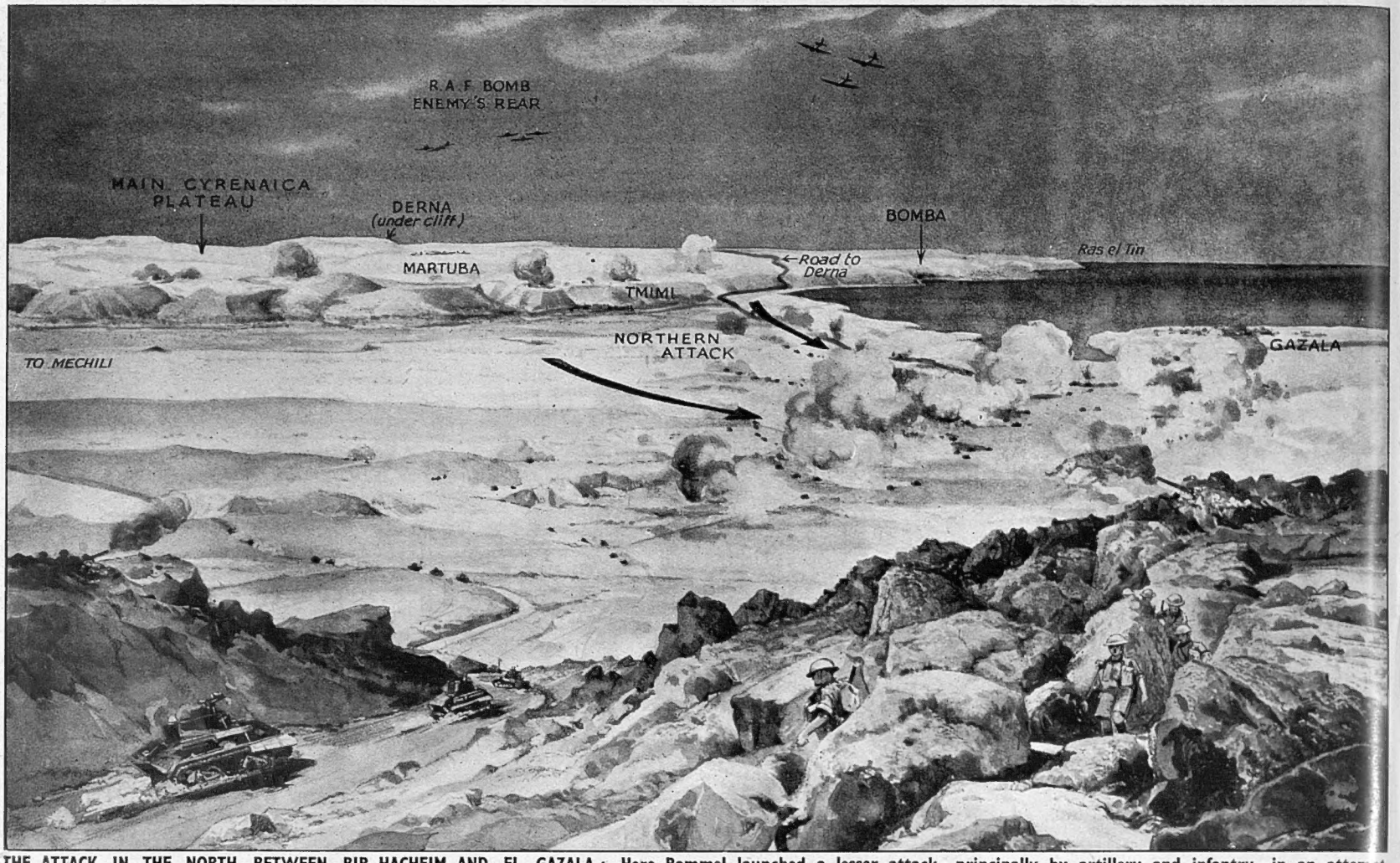
At the opening of Rommel's offensive in Libya the British line ran roughly from Gazala, on the coast, down to Bir Hacheim: this line was strongly held with fortified positions and minefields. Around Bir Hacheim, in particular, the strong points and minefields were very formidable. The German positions ran from Tmimi to Tengeder, parallel to the British front; and in between was a No Man's Land area. When Rommel gave the order to advance, therefore, his route had, of necessity, to run south of our minefields. The first moves were made by parts of the regrouped 15th and 21st Panzer Divisions, which suffered so heavily in the fighting last November. A smaller enemy tank force also began operations to the west of Gazala; whilst other thrusts were made between Gazala and Bir Hacheim. It was with the thrust around the latter place, however, that Rommel intended to carry out his greatest execution. As the 21st Division struck towards the north, the 15th Division moved north-east towards El Adem. Small groups of the latter penetrated to Sidi Rezegh and towards Ed Duda, but these were soon driven back, and frustrated in their evident attempt to attack Tobruk. At the same time the 21st Division was held to an area between Knightsbridge and Acroma, and it is here that the main battle developed. According to reports from the front, the Germans were being forced back towards the south-west. At the moment of writing no final decision has been reached; but the general opinion is that it cannot be delayed much longer, owing to the difficult problem of supply and reinforcement



THE R.A.F. HAVE BEEN PLAYING A DECISIVE PART IN THE DESERT OPERATIONS: Leaving the actual scene of battle, they have concentrated on the enemy's lines of communication and reinforcement, especially to the south of Bir Hacheim—*Drawing by Percy Home*

When the fighting began the R.A.F. were announced to be engaged on long-range flights to positions in the rear of Rommel's forces. The bombers flew beyond the "cube" of the battle zone: during the next few days, the R.A.F. crept in nearer, dropping bombs on enemy transport lorries and supply lines and battle positions. Serious damage was wrought and the enemy's movements were hampered to a great extent. In one case, bombers found a big park of some hundreds of vehicles and caused much havoc on the ground: in the air, formations of German bombers and fighters were met and broken up. The enemy replied by Stuka attacks within the actual area of battle, but did not continue to throw in any large numbers of dive-bombers, for unexplained reasons. The R.A.F. continued to act all round the central zone (and especially at the support route to the south of Bir Hacheim), an interesting feature being the employment of U.S.-built Kittihawks armed with bombs as well as guns. These specially-equipped fighter-bombers did excellent work against the enemy supply columns, swooping down at great speed and successfully dropping bombs on target after target. The employment of Spitfires was another novel feature. The fastest fighter was thus on the British side, displacing the German Me109 from premier position. Dust storms are reported to have hampered the fighting as it did the land operations, too

THE BATTLE IN THE LIBYAN DESERT *(continued)*

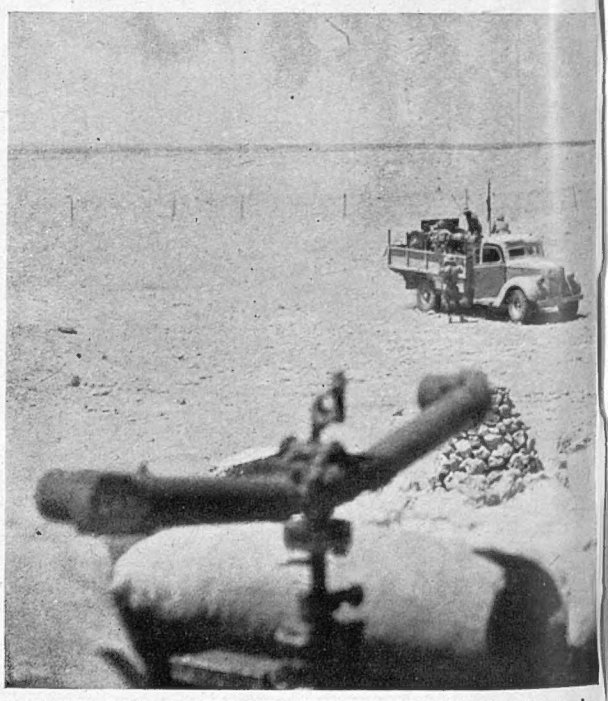


THE ATTACK IN THE NORTH, BETWEEN BIR HACHEIM AND EL GAZALA : Here Rommel launched a lesser attack—principally by artillery and infantry—in an attempt to distract attention from the main thrust round Bir Hacheim—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

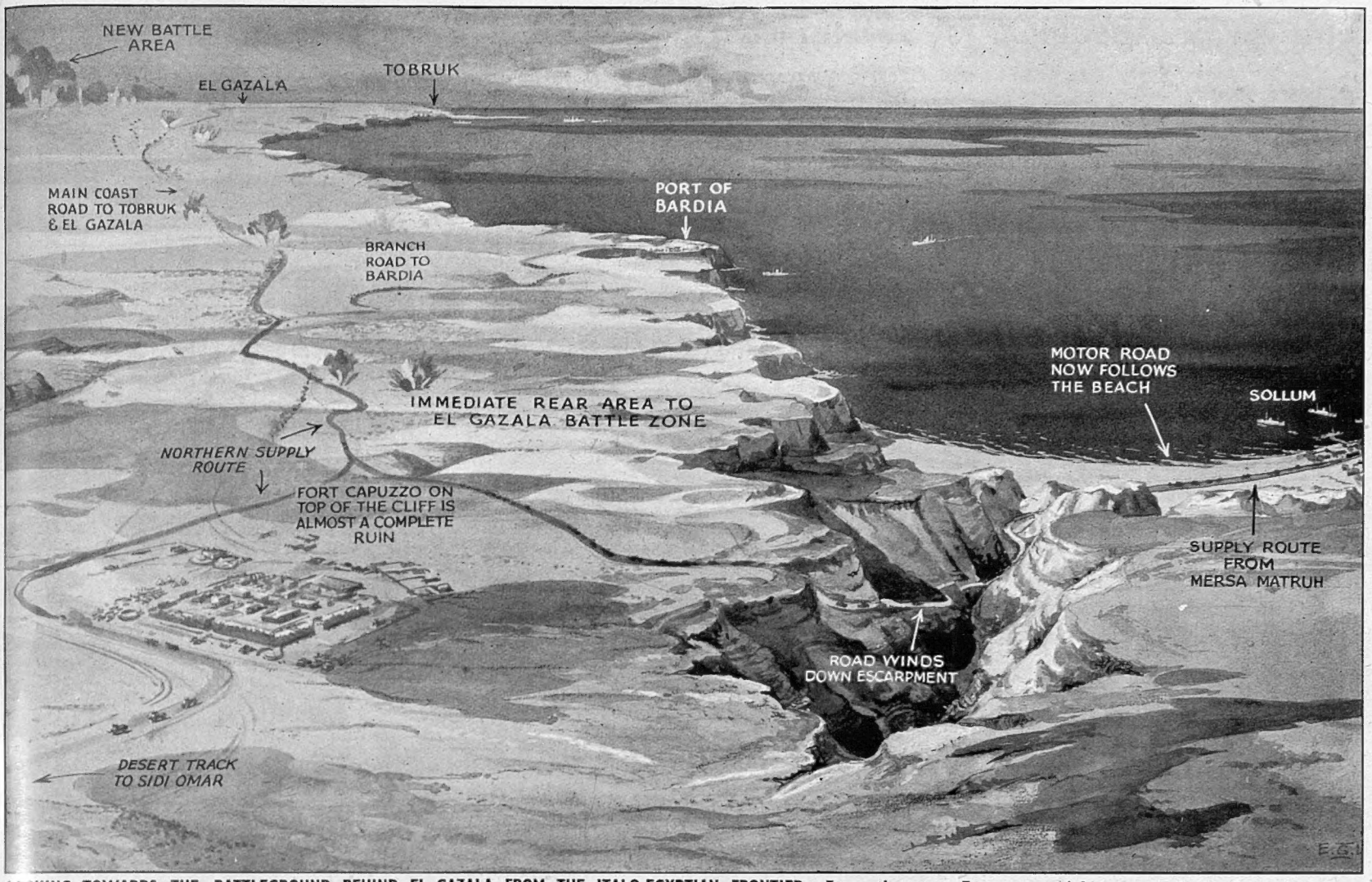
When the attack by Rommel opened, the enemy endeavoured to keep the Eighth Army in suspense as long as possible as to the point where the main effort to break through to the east would be made. The British line was held in considerable strength for a length of some 70 miles south of Gazala; for the previous fortnight Rommel had been ostentatiously concentrating his armoured strength in the neighbourhood of Gazala, and it was only about two days before the main attack began that certain portions of this force began moving to the south. When the real thrust was delivered south of Bir Hacheim this northern sector must have been very largely denuded of armoured vehicles. Nevertheless, a certain amount of activity was maintained at the northern end; but it appears to have come from bodies of artillery and infantry. Prominent amongst the foot soldiers were detachments of the famous Italian Bersaglieri, who were soon, however, bottled up and pounded by our own artillery and by the R.A.F. El Gazala, it should be noted, is not actually on the sea front, but lies a little to the south: it is on the main road running parallel to the west. The main mass of the Cyrenaican plateau rises in the background.

WHAT DESERT WARFARE IMPLIES FOR THE TRANSPORT VEHICLES INVOLVED IN THE FIGHTING

Without transport the contestants are helpless: yet the supply of lorries and other vehicles is limited once the battle opens. More especially so is this when aircraft in great numbers take a hand—as is now the case with the R.A.F. in Libya. This picture shows a concentration of enemy transport vehicles at Bardia: not a single wheel or serviceable part remains. All have been taken as replacements for other vehicles, so that supplies and reinforcements can be maintained. With the R.A.F. engaged in such strength against Rommel, his problems must be increased enormously. Fuel, water, food, ammunition, all must be carried by lorry: without them resistance is impossible

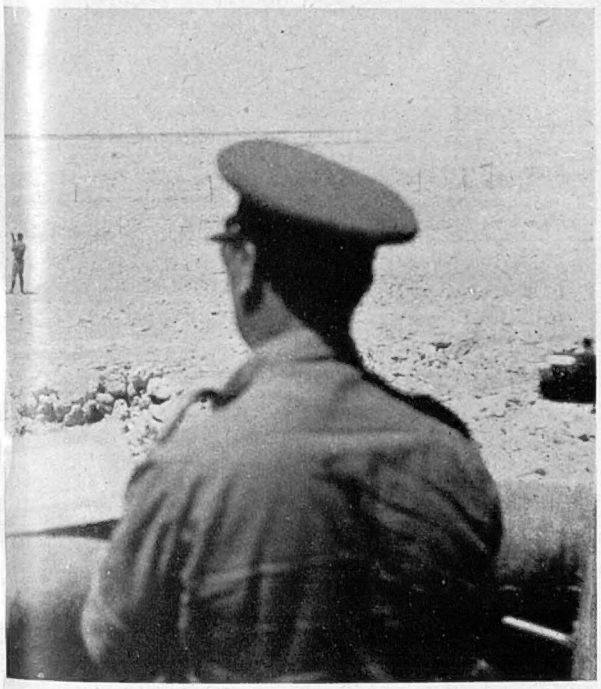


A DESERT POST GUARDED BY FREE FRENCH TROOPS : Manned wide view of the desert. The 75 mm. has proved

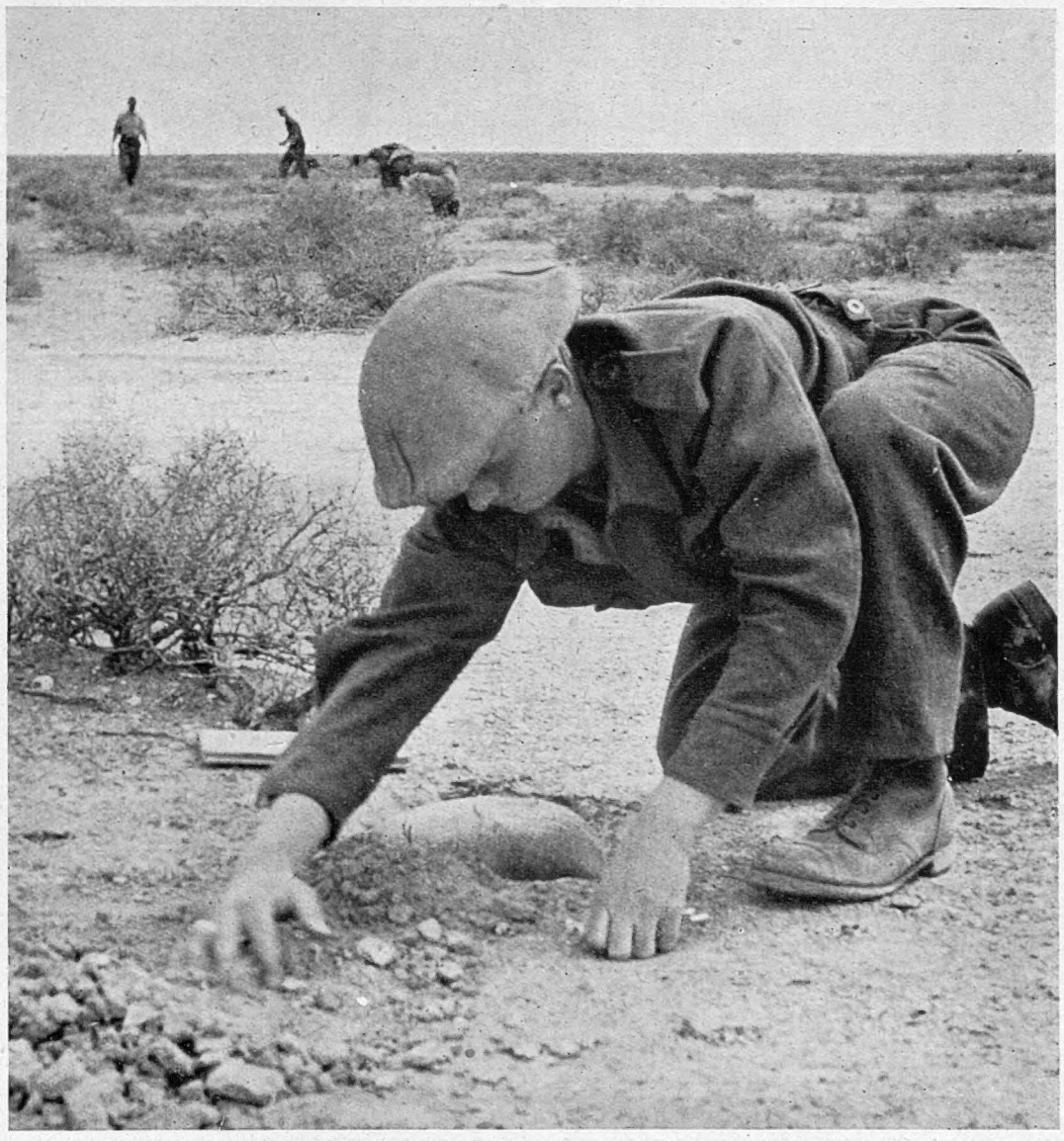


LOOKING TOWARDS THE BATTLEGROUND BEHIND EL GAZALA FROM THE ITALO-EGYPTIAN FRONTIER: From the great Escarpment right up to Tobruk, the region shown here was the scene of the fighting around Sidi Rezegh in the winter of 1941-42—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The point of view of the above drawing is from above Fort Capuzzo, the Italian battlemented fortalice which played important a part in the fighting of January and February of his year. In its prime, the fort was a whitewashed compound ith embrasures and firing positions along the top of its low all. Within the enclosure were a number of military build-gs, very few of which remain to-day; and the walls them-lves now hardly exist. The fort is reached by a winding ad leading from the shore: its position is a commanding e with its face towards the Egyptian frontier and its back wards the large stretch of flat desert which lies to the west far as the Gebel Akaba. Bardia, its neighbour on the astline where the land sweeps northwards before again aring west to Tobruk, occupies perhaps a more strategic sition with its twin bluffs raising their markedly laminated es to the Mediterranean. In the fighting which took place the earlier stages of the year, Bardia played an important e before its surrender. The forces enclosed in it and y-passed" by us during the pursuit of Rommel from li Rezegh, were attacked later and the large garrison then capitulated



with the famous 75 mm. gun, this post commands a very itself once again in the present battle in the desert



BRITISH SOLDIERS LAYING LAND-MINES IN THE DESERT, a powerful means of defence

The mine is placed in a sack and laid in the ground so that its top is level with the ground: even from quite close up it is almost invisible. By this means large areas of the British line were safeguarded against attack by tanks or bodies of infantry. Inasmuch as a large minefield was laid around Bir Hacheim to the south of our Libyan front, Rommel's tanks had to detour still farther south to round the danger area and thus expose themselves to attack in an area determined by us! The minefields very greatly hamper the subsequent operations of the enemy's tank formations, and also render the route of the supply vehicles very hazardous in further operations

REMEMBER the HOSTAGES of the OCCUPIED LANDS

How these Unfortunate Men are Picked Out by the Nazis, and then Executed for "Crimes" in which They Took No Part and of which They Had No Prior Knowledge: and the Manner in which the United Nations Should Deal with Them After the War

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IN the long run the public is bound to grow unthinking towards certain recurring tragedies of the war; not a question of callousness, just one of familiarity. One could instance losses at sea, air-raid casualties, bomber crews that fail to return; or, in the case of foreigners, the varied sufferings of the occupied countries.

Just now there is cause to resolve never to allow perception to become dulled by the repetition of one tragedy in particular: the murder of hostages.

Lately there has been a good deal of talk about what sort of justice shall be meted out to Germans when they are beaten. That's a wide subject. But one aspect already merits the taking of a common vow by the peoples of the United Nations—to wit, that those Germans primarily responsible for the murder of hostages shall be made to pay in full in their own persons. The present is a fit moment to make this vow, inasmuch as the Nazis have set to massacring innocents in the West as a military measure to secure their rear while fighting Russia. As the peoples of Norway, Holland, Belgium and France strive to aid in their own liberation in the only way they can, the Nazis mow down unaccused hostages and seize hundreds of fresh ones.

Mr. Churchill has said that never in history have men been hated as are the Nazis, and here is their blackest spot—for the murder of hostages goes on unceasingly all round Europe, frequently in much heavier volume than in the countries fringing Britain. Evidence accumulates that this cold hanging and machine-gunning of civilians, with its heavy streak of cowardice, is stirring the deepest feelings of the lot. The blundering beast of Berchtesgaden, unable to fix "guilt" because none will betray his fellows, lunges out, massacres in the dark, and a swelling multitude decides that here is the super-crime.

Let us get this horrible business straight, and then not forget about it.

International Law, so frequently visited when it gives one a pain, might be borne steadily in mind in this matter, for it brands as illegal the execution of hostages in any circumstances whatsoever. An occupying army may only execute citizens found guilty, in established manner, of specific acts. But any form of law, except Hitler Law, has long since ceased to worry the Nazis, whose one thought is to secure a maximum of safety, personal and military, by dangling death in the morning above a tortured nation's manhood.

Among themselves, the Nazis call this "preventive execution," and they go to two principal sources for their supply of victims.

Firstly, to prisons, where are incarcerated so-called "irresponsible elements," later referred to as "Jews and Communists" after they've been lined up before their machine-gunning executioners. Typical examples of this class of victim were the twenty-seven Bretons and Frenchmen who journeyed to their deaths at Châteaubriant, shouting the "Marseillaise" and "Vive l'Angleterre!" to their last breaths. These men had had nothing to do with the shooting of Colonel Holtz at Nantes; long before this episode they were incarcerated. But they had "moved in the same circles" as the culprit or culprits, and so they had to die. Not that the Nazis had the remotest notion (nor have yet) who the culprits were. That is one of the enormities.

They shoot Jews because they are Jews, and they execute other men because a police list says so and so is, or was, a Communist. They execute Communists for "acts of resistance" perpetrated by Royalists of the breed of young Colette, who wounded Laval and Déat; and they shoot de Gaullists for sabotage committed, for all the Germans know, by quite other agencies. The same goes for Belgium, Holland, Norway and further afield. The whole thing is a ghastly jumble such as only Germans could have fathered.

The panel of "Jews and Communists" held in prisons and concentration camps is a long one, and one day we may learn that the total of executed far exceeded figures announced by the Nazis at the time.

The second pool feeding the Nazis with their selected victims derives from free circles of the community without reference to race or creed. Actually, most of these victims are Christians and decidedly non-Communist. Again, you get typical examples in the several hundred Dutch people latterly taken as hostages, the men among whom will progressively face the firing-squad as the spirit of resistance mounts in Holland. These hostages were mentioned as having been "prominent in pre-invasion days," another way of saying that they had refused to collaborate with the Nazis since May 1940. They included officers, business-men, teachers, students, shipowners. Various forms of sabotage were alleged, in addition to "membership of a secret army," but "sabotage" has become so elastic a term in the Nazi vocabulary that even writing letters aimed at adding to the chaos of red tape in German departments has been branded. The real though unmentioned charge in the majority of cases was that each had set an example of fortitude in his or her own circle.

No need for such men and women to engage in underground activities, as invariably alleged. Suffice that through their personalities or their positions they disseminate sturdiness, confidence, for their names to be listed for future execution "in reprisal" for acts which will be committed by others maybe scores of miles away.

No account is taken here of courts martial which almost daily lead to new death sentences, since at least some form of trial and evidence, however crooked, is associated with these proceedings. One deals exclusively with reprisals on innocent persons picked for death as deterrents or warnings to their fellows, citizens against whom either nothing at all is charged—as with the "Jews and Communists" taken from prison—or of more orthodox hue, such as are summarily taken on pretext of underground activities. Not that some of those taken are not devoted "V" workers. But much of this work goes into passive resistance and has nothing to do with active sabotage or with shooting at Nazis from bicycles. In general, the Nazis draw upon an ever-changing pool of marked citizens, whom they execute without any question of individual guilt coming into it. The most is usually an "assumption," a word which often crops up in official bulletins of killings. Unable to light upon the key underground workers, the Nazis arrest supposedly all around.

The Kaiser's Huns behaved almost as Teutonic cavaliers compared with Hitler's Nazis! In the West, at any rate, they shot few actual hostages, although there was plenty of underground activity in the territory they occupied. They used to rely on deportation. Hostages were shot in the height of battle, as the *francs-tireurs* of Dinan.

Mention of those Huns brings one up sharply. An imposing list of war criminals was drawn up who were to answer for the atrocities of that bygone day. What befell after all the fine talk was that a few soldiers were lightly sentenced by the Leipzig High Court.

What matters more to-day is this: a muddled edition of the British sporting attitude of "not hitting a man when he's down" was much responsible for the non-punishment of guilty Germans, of men who cannot appreciate non-punishment. When France wished to visit just retribution on her perennial tormentor, Britain was engaged in showing a highly chivalrous front, due to muddled thinking which leads this sporting race to confuse vindictive hurting with necessary correction. It is no use picking up beaten Germans and paling-up with them, as we rather too visibly did on the Rhine and elsewhere in the '20's, and then, having raised the Germans to their feet, refusing to give them an inch of territory round the world. That is the sort of thing which contributed to this war. Far better to punish to the limit certain categories of Germans and give the rest a look-in on the world in due course, with practical guarantees taken.

"Retribution for these crimes," says Mr. Churchill, "must henceforth take its place among the major purposes of the war." "Justice, stern and unflinching, for those Germans guilty of the abominable crimes we have witnessed," echoes Lord Cranborne. And the rest say the same, not least the Governments of the Allied Nations in London, who say they will try the German culprits and their own quislings and execute such as are found guilty. Well, we shall see.

Meanwhile, Britain has a special care with regard to the murder of hostages. By radio and in other ways London has stimulated the hostage-lands to resistant action. We have even to bear in mind that combined raiding will inevitably lead to the savage shooting of local inhabitants, as occurred after St. Nazaire, and that the strictest measuring of such enterprises is indicated in consequence. And if nothing else will make us Remember Hostages, maybe this thought will operate: that Britain is the very stuff that hostages are made of, and that were the Germans ever to come here, the national pugnaciousness would conduce to thousands of hostages being executed on previously-made-out lists.

Can anything be attempted now with a view to keeping down the figures of the executed abroad?

Two recent precedents are worth noting. There is authentic evidence that the London radio campaign, warning quislings to stop their treachery while the stopping is yet good, has borne fruit, and that the ranks of quislings in more than one land are quivering when not thinning. And there is the case of the Prime Minister's gas warning, which drew from the German High Command a declaration that it did not intend to use poison gas—first.

Four guilty categories stand out clearly in this murder of hostages:

Nazi Party officials whose policy and orders bring about the executions (the degree of guilt of the military who shoot is open to argument);

Himmler's Gestapo men who do the work;

Heydrich's S.S. police, who travel the Terror from country to country;

The quisling traitors of the occupied lands, who do all they can to simplify matters for the foregoing.

If there is anything to be done by issuing another warning, these are the four upon whom to concentrate by radio, leaflet and in verbal pronouncements.

Guilty names attaching to each of the above categories can be conserved for the asking of "V" workers abroad, and by the thousand.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOUR COUNTRY IS INVADED BY THE GERMANS—a picture from Paris. For two years now the Nazis have been in occupation of Paris, once the "City of Light" and now a city of gloom. Naturally, they have appropriated the best of everything: and amongst these things are all the best railway coaches, leaving the native population with the old dilapidated wood coaches. This modern third-class carriage has been marked "Voiture reservée pour le personnel de l'Armée d'Occupation"

THE MEN WHO BOMB BY DAY: The "Briefing" of a Boston Squadron

AN IMPRESSIVE PICTURE FROM AN R.A.F. DAY-BOMBER STATION, where the crews can inspect actual pictures of the results they have achieved within two hours of their return from a raid. This is owing to the automatic cameras which are carried in their new Boston bombers

There is drama in this little gathering. This is the "briefing" of Boston crews who will take part in the impending bombing raid. They are all there—pilots, gunners, radio operators. It is an important target; and so the Station Commander (the Group Captain in the centre background) has come to address them. After his talk, the Wing Commander will take over and tell his squadrons about the tactics they will use and about the flight routine he requires: then will come the Intelligence Officer, to tell everything he knows about enemy opposition and its nature and type. These men who bomb by day are the only operational crews who actually see the results of their work on the same day. Their automatic cameras are in action throughout the raid and record the fall of the bombs, the subsequent explosions and the damage done. Two hours after their return, the prints are ready and the crews are summoned to a room on the Station where the pictures are projected on to a screen. All may then share in their successes or errors! The aircraft operated from this Station are the Douglas Boston III—half-brother to the Douglas Havoc night-fighter-bomber (used chiefly for "stooging" over enemy aerodromes to await the return of German raiders from this country). The Boston is the fastest twin-engined bomber the Americans have sent us—in fact, it is very nearly as fast as most of our fighters! Speed is an essential for daylight bombing and for working with fighter escorts. But the Boston can also look after itself: it has four fixed forward-firing guns and two free guns in the rear-gunner's cockpit amidships. All the crews, except the gunners, wear tin hats in the air, because it has been found that many A.-A. bursts come above the machine: when flying at 300 miles an hour the falling shrapnel often comes smashing through the roof of the aircraft.

The JAPS in BURMA: *Actual Pictures of the Enemy's Methods in their Rapid Advance*

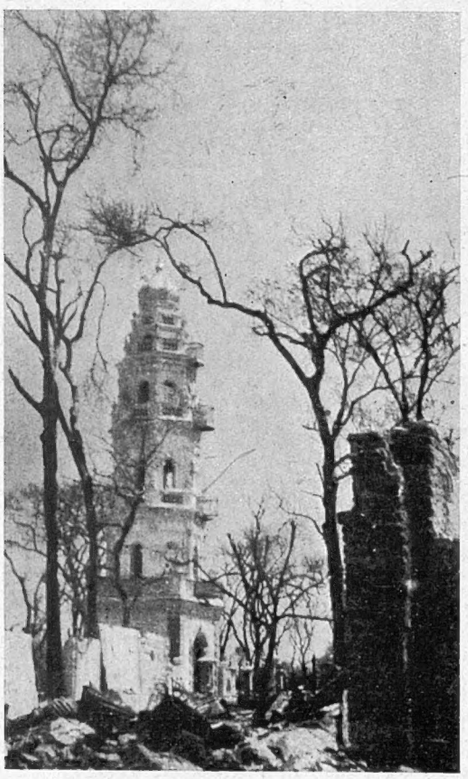
A PICTURE TAKEN BY A JAPANESE WAR CORRESPONDENT showing Jap infantry storming a town after their artillery and dive-bombers had prepared it for the final assault

GENERAL YAMASHITA (in foreground), who was C.-in-C. of all the Jap forces in Malaya, seen with his staff officers during an inspection tour of occupied territory. Two of his aides appear to be Europeans

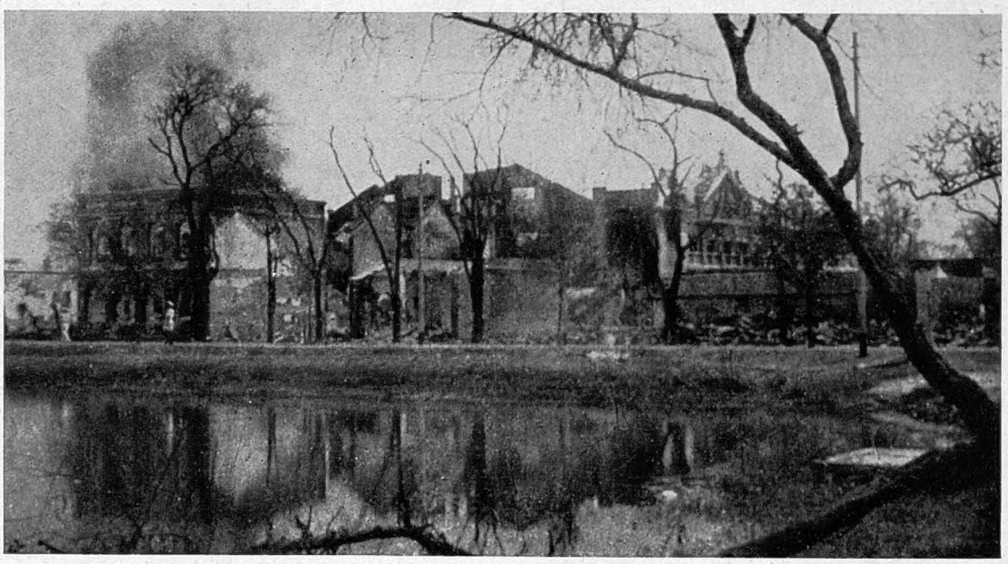
LIGHT TANKS OF A JAPANESE MECHANISED FORCE IN BURMA cross an emergency bridge built to replace the one destroyed by the British

ON THE ROAD TO MOULMEIN: Though considerable demolition was carried out by our forces during their retirement, Japanese engineers quickly overcame many of the obstructions placed in their path

The pictures given here are the first to be received in England showing the Japanese side of the Burmese campaign. Not all of their equipment would appear to have been so formidable, to judge from these views—but, of course, they may have been specially selected for propaganda purposes. The quality of some of the tanks, however, appears to be good; and in one of the pictures, the bicycles and handcarts upon which war correspondents commented so frequently are again greatly in evidence. There can be little doubt but that Jap engineers showed great ingenuity in Burma (as in Malaya) in overcoming the many difficulties and demolitions placed in their path. Many must now be asking—what was the reason for Japanese superiority in two major campaigns. Was their equipment superior to ours? Were their troops better trained for jungle warfare? Or was it sheer numbers, or superior weight of guns and tanks that brought them success?



MANDALAY; In the Muslim residential district after Jap raiders had swept over the city



IN THE WOOD-BUILT RESIDENTIAL SECTION OF MANDALAY, wide destruction followed the Jap bombing raids. Fires started by incendiaries were soon spread by a high wind, with the above result

RUSSIAN THRUST AND GERMAN COUNTER-THRUST

The Relative Strength of the Two Armies To-day; and the Strategic Significance of an Equal Balance

Discussed by DONALD COWIE

HOW THE "SPRING OFFENSIVE" ON THE EASTERN FRONT OPENED FOR THE GERMANS: German soldiers on the Russian plains baling-out their machine-gun nest, which was swamped out by the thaw

Just as the severity of the winter caused a very serious hitch in German plans—enemy spokesmen have referred to a "near-disaster"—so the spring thaw, coming so early and so suddenly, has caused a renewal of apologies, and hints that the spring offensive might well have to be called a summer offensive! This picture, from a German source, may well have been circulated as a justification for any such postponement of Nazi offensive schemes

SO much depends on the mighty campaign now in progress in Russia that it is a pity we cannot secure more definite estimates of the relative strengths of the forces engaged. Any discussion of what is happening breaks down at once when the cynic present remarks: "But we don't know the facts, and the whole thing would probably look different if we did." Nevertheless, there are some facts available, and we have our intelligences with which to interpret them. Thus the most interesting feature of the Russian situation at present, based on those facts, may be the possible *equal balance* of the opposing forces there.

The Russian war started with all the military advantage on Germany's side. She struck by surprise, with the terrific initial weight of modern *blitzkrieg*. Tactically, the Russians were diddled at first by the methods employed. They had expected long panzer thrusts like Poland; they got thrusts that suddenly whipped back to encircle their forces. Thus they lost a lot of men and material at the beginning. *About* 1,800,000 *Russians went forward to meet approximately* 1,200,000 *Germans* in that first fight. Perhaps by winter the figures were down to about 1,000,000 *Russians and* 750,000 *Germans*. Meanwhile, the Wehrmacht's 10,000 front-line tanks in nineteen armoured divisions had been reduced by at least half; the Russian tank strength remained unknown, but Moscow complained about armoured shortage before anything. Now the winter came.

That winter was, perhaps, decisive. Both sides spent it at remodelling their armies, training new drafts, building fresh guns, tanks and aircraft, receiving some from other countries. It was the Russians, however, who took the daring step of attacking during that winter. Not only did they cause heavy German casualties in men and material by this, but they spoilt the Germans' plans for deploying new armies, while they gave their own bases a long breathing-space. *All estimates agree that by this spring the Russians had accounted for at least* 1,000,000 *Germans in killed, maimed and prisoners.* But their own winter losses were few in comparison. *Of their original armies, then, the Germans had only about* 200,000 *left this spring, the Russians perhaps* 700,000. But what about new armies?

HOW THEY STAND TO-DAY

At the outbreak of war, June 1941—

- The Germans had 1,200,000 fighting men in the field
- The Russians had 1,800,000 fighting men in the field
- Germany's winter losses were 1,000,000 killed, seriously wounded or prisoners; and half of the 10,000 front-line tanks in nineteen armoured divisions destroyed

At the opening of the present offensive—

- The Germans had 200,000 of their original Army left
- The Russians had 700,000 of their original Army left

The existing forces to-day are—

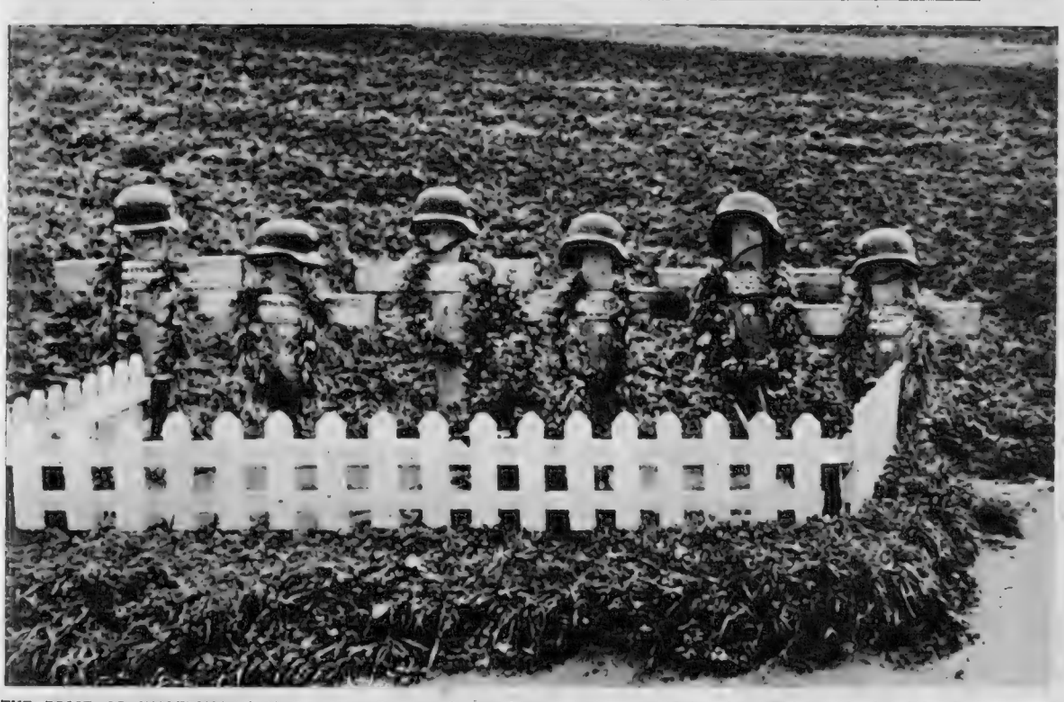
- Germans—1,000,000 front-line troops in Russia (reserves in rear and in Europe—4,000,000)
- Russians—Several millions of men mobilised and equipped, with other millions in reserve

It is said Germany called up 1,000,000 additional men from civil life in the winter, and she had total armed forces of perhaps 7,000,000 originally, 2,000,000 first-line. Of those, as we've seen, some 1,200,000 were sent to Russia and about 1,000,000 lost there. The other 800,000 first-line were kept in France and elsewhere. Now we've recently had definite proof that many of the garrison troops from France have been transferred to Russia. It might be advanced that *the Germans start this year's Russian campaign with an army of some* 1,000,000 *men again, backed by reserves of some* 4,000,000 *distributed in the rear and throughout Europe.* And it's pretty certain that when the Germans have lost that second million of first-line men they are finished. On the other hand, *the Russians, according to Sir Stafford Cripps and others, have now mobilised about* 9,000,000, and still have about 4,000,000 virile men to be called upon if necessary.

But those figures must not be misinterpreted. They do not mean the Russians have the superior strength to-day. Armies are measured not in numbers, but by proportion of weapons, or fire-power, to numbers. Until recently it was true that the Germans had the advantage over the Russians here: they invariably had more tanks, guns and planes at any given point. But that terrible winter for the Germans has intervened, and the Russians have had a lot of Allied help, and they have managed to keep from 60 to 70 per cent. (checked figures) of their former industry hard at work without any kind of interruption. Then they have carefully studied last year's campaign and devised many new weapons to meet this year's German panzers, notably special armament for Stormovik aircraft, and those remarkable, long-barrelled anti-tank rifles. Is it possible, at last, that the Germans have met their quantitative *and* qualitative match on the battlefield?

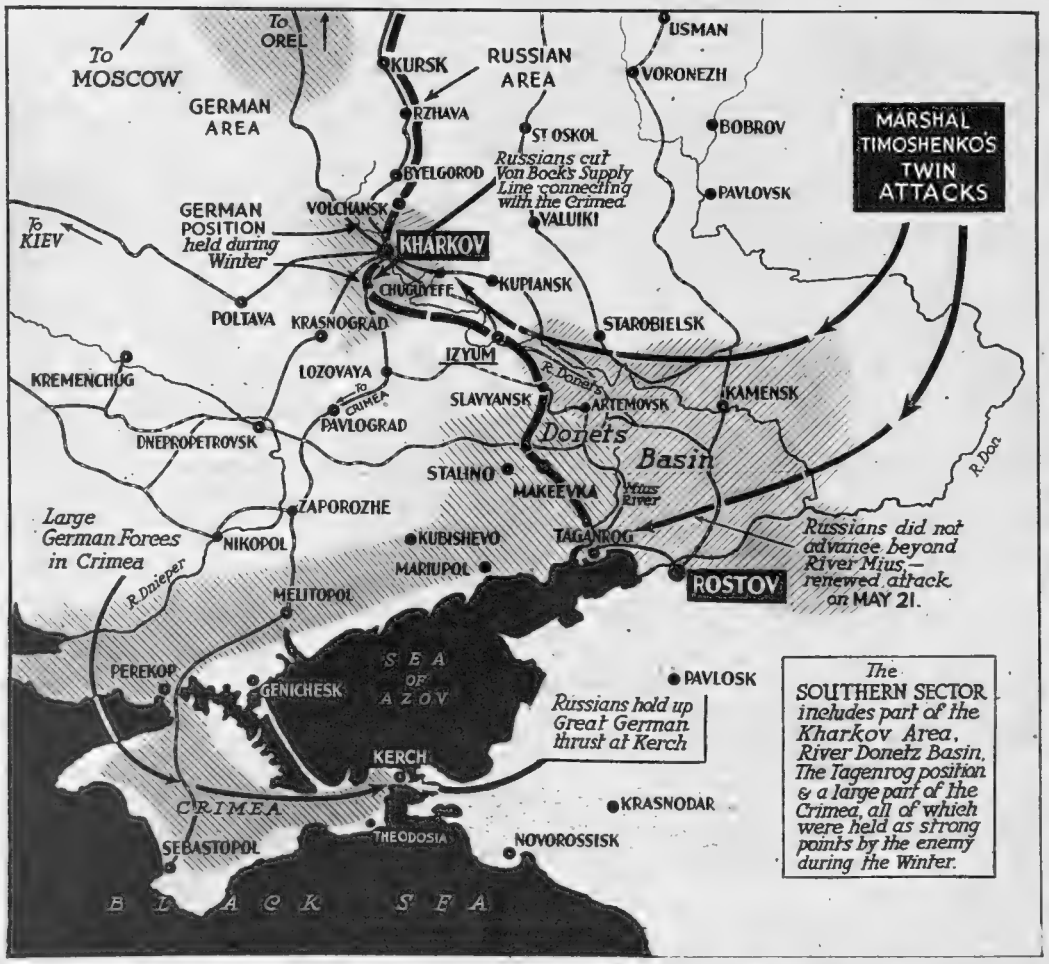
It is too early to say for sure. The events of the next few weeks will tell. But if the events of the next few weeks continue along the lines of those in the past few weeks, then one can have no hesitation in saying, however metaphorically, that Hitler is beaten. During this period the German and Russian armies have been fighting in two thrusts, the Russians attacking strongly towards and around Kharkov, the Germans counter-attacking upwards below Kharkov. (The Crimean campaign must be ruled out,

(*Article continued on following page*)

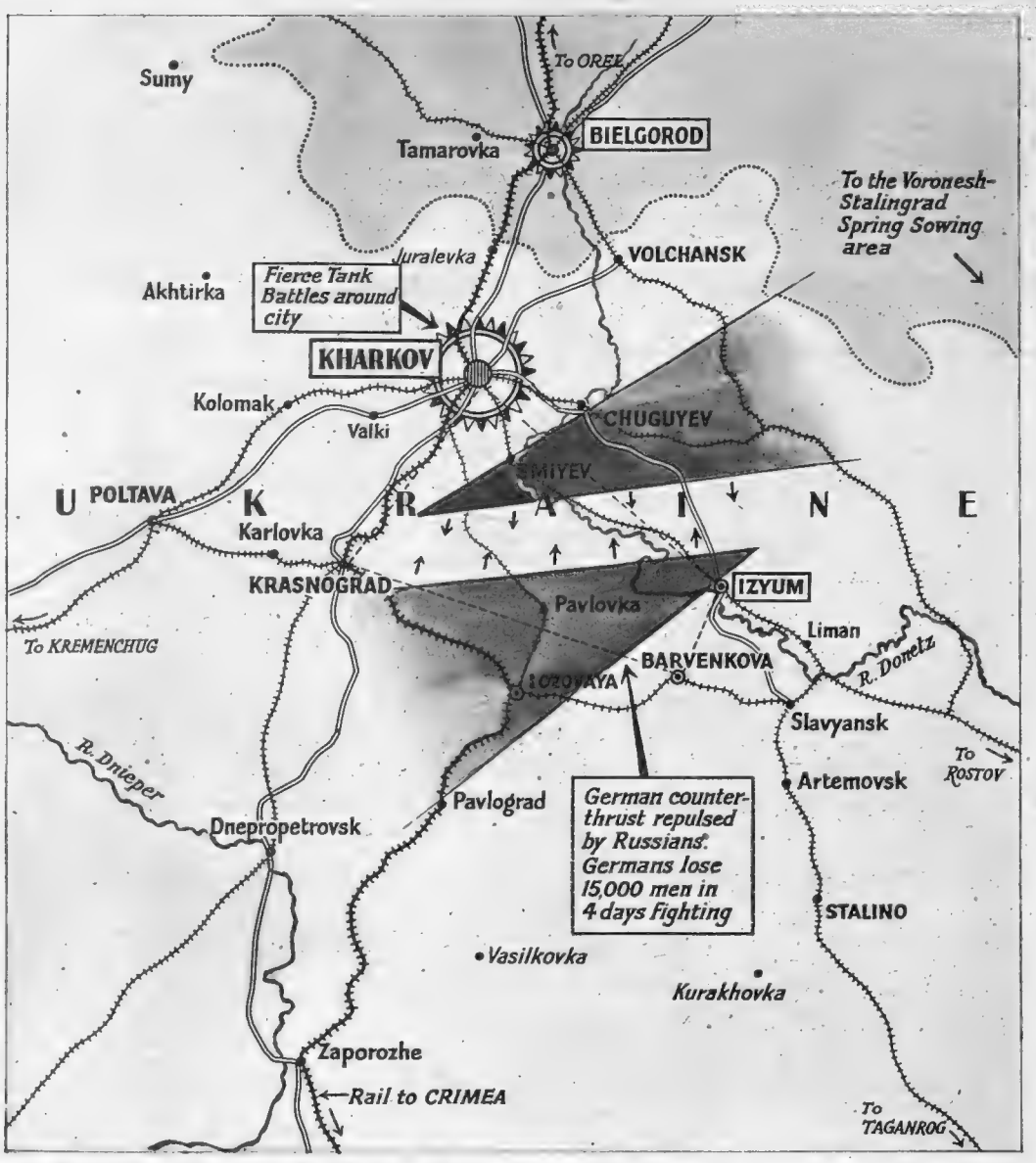


THE PRICE OF HITLERISM—A little plot of ground on the vast steppes of Russia. This pathetic sight is common now throughout 1,200 miles of Soviet territory—a tribute to the benefits conferred on his people by the Man Who Would Be Dictator. The crosses and steel helmets mark the graves of six German soldiers

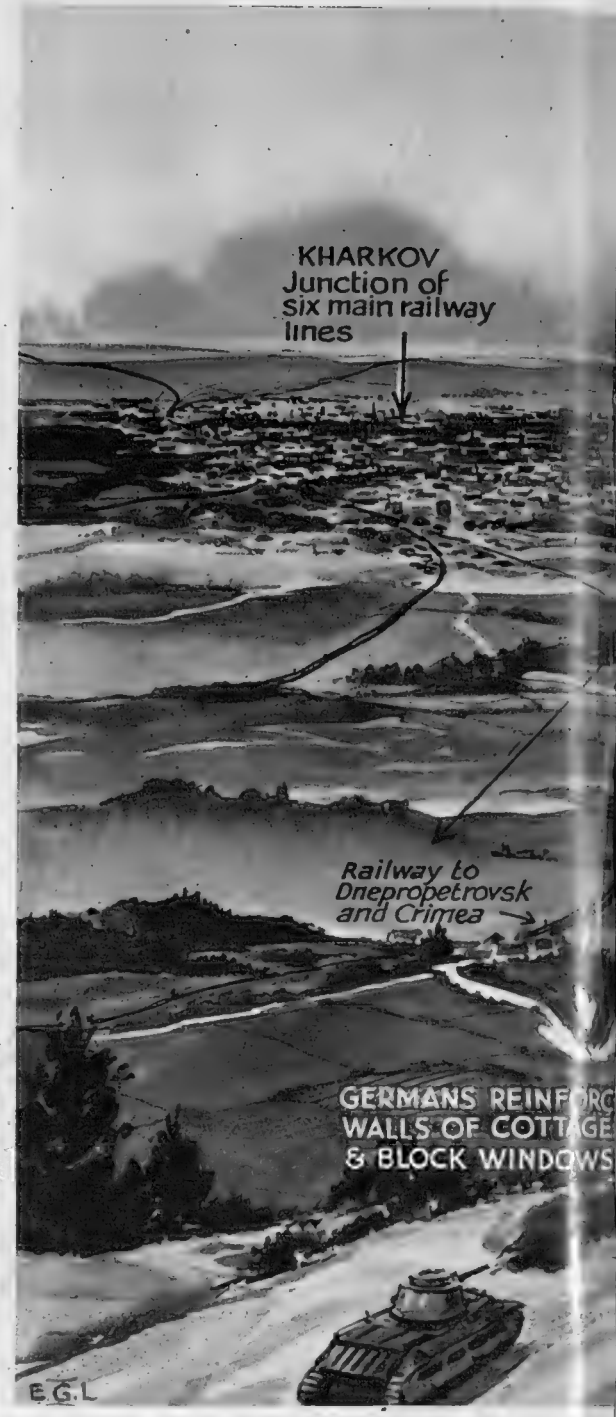
RUSSIAN THRUST AND GERMAN COUNTER-THRUST—(cont.)



THE WINTER FIGHTING AROUND THE CITY OF KHARKOV AND IN THE CRIMEA: The shaded areas show the limits of the German advance past Taganrog and Rostov. The heavy continuous black line shows the positions taken up by the Russians in the recent fighting. The arrows on both sides show the general direction of the Russian thrust towards Kharkov and the south, and the successful German advance towards Kerch and the Caucasus



THE RUSSIAN AND GERMAN ARMIES INTERLOCKED TO THE SOUTH OF KHARKOV: Marshal Timoshenko's main thrust was to the south of the great fortress-city, driving to cut the strategic railway line connecting up with the Crimea. To this General von Bock replied with a terrific counter-thrust



THE GIGANTIC STRUGGLE FOR THE FORTRESS-CITY converted into a vast series of fortified villages, earth

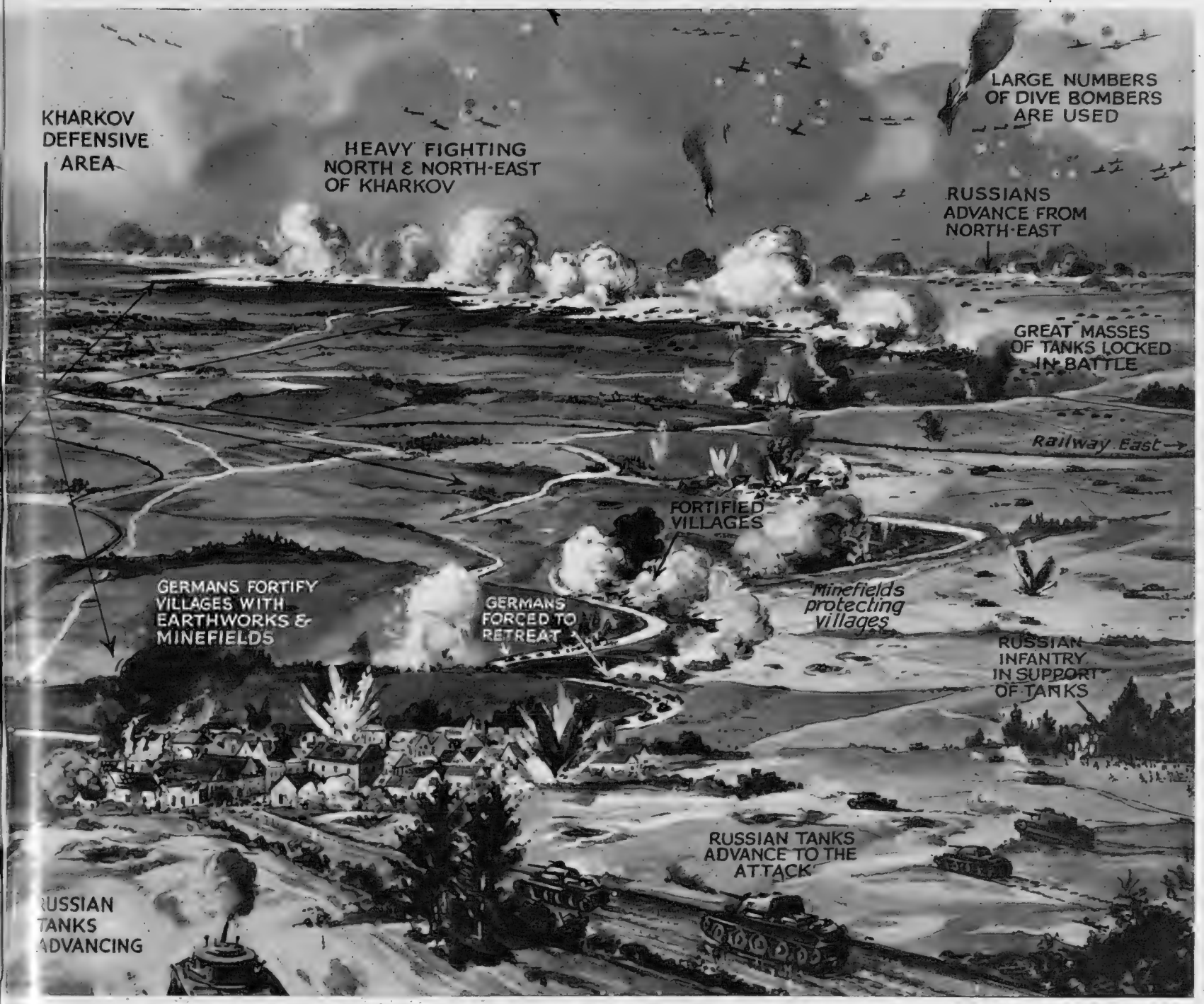
Since the third week in May the official communiqués issued from the headquarters of the opposing armies have given evidence that the fighting around Kharkov has taken the form of thrust and counter-thrust, one wedge forcing its way inwards while another wedge countered this movement by a similar forward movement; the result being that each wedge had exposed flanks which had to be vigorously defended against enemy attack in each case.

The local defences of the Kharkov area have been sufficiently strongly constructed to enable the enemy to resist anything in the nature of a frontal attack. Villages and hamlets have been converted into concrete strong-points which have proved very tough propositions indeed—so much so that the Russian attack has moved to north and south of the area in an endeavour to pierce the enemy's general line.

The most intensive fighting appears to be taking place in a triangle to the south of the city and the town of Krasnograd (65 miles south-west of Kharkov) lying at the western end of the triangle—the easternmost tip was Izyum. The base of this triangle was roughly defined by the railway line extending from Krasnograd to Slaviansk and Izyum. The apex was the city of Kharkov itself. It is stated that further to the south the Germans had been massing large quantities of equipment and troops.

The opening stages of the present conflict were marked by some violent tank clashes within the Kharkov area. These were on a very heavy scale, and it would appear that in the subsequent fighting the German use of tanks as a spearhead has been checkmated to a very large extent by the Russian use of all kinds of tank-stoppers, including hand-grenades sometimes flung in bunches from a narrow, concealed trench, or hidden infantrymen using a long anti-tank rifle which is reported to be very effective indeed.

The commanders on both sides must have found that the fighting had taken on a very close-range quality, and it seems as if both protagonists have been driven to dig themselves in. In the case of the Germans it would be a case of extending what was already existing, whilst the Russians have been consolidating positions gained in their initial push.



OF KHARKOV, AND HOW THE GERMANS ORGANISED THEIR DEFENCE SYSTEM AROUND THAT IMPORTANT STRONGHOLD. The area surrounding the city has been wor[illegible]s and minefields, where great masses of tanks were interlocked in battle. Large numbers of dive-bombers were used by Russians and Germans alike, and Russian infantry played a large part in the support of their armoured divisions. At first it would appear as if the Russian commander intended to outflank the city by pushing forward to the south-west—a process which was halted when the Germans began their strong counter-thrust along the Russian left flank—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

A SPECIAL RADIO PICTURE DIRECT FROM MOSCOW, which shows men of the Red Army manning one of the two-man anti-tank guns during the battle for Kharkov. Already hundreds of German tanks have been destroyed by these new and powerful weapons : these two men disabled two medium vehicles with their gun

(*Continued from page* 297)

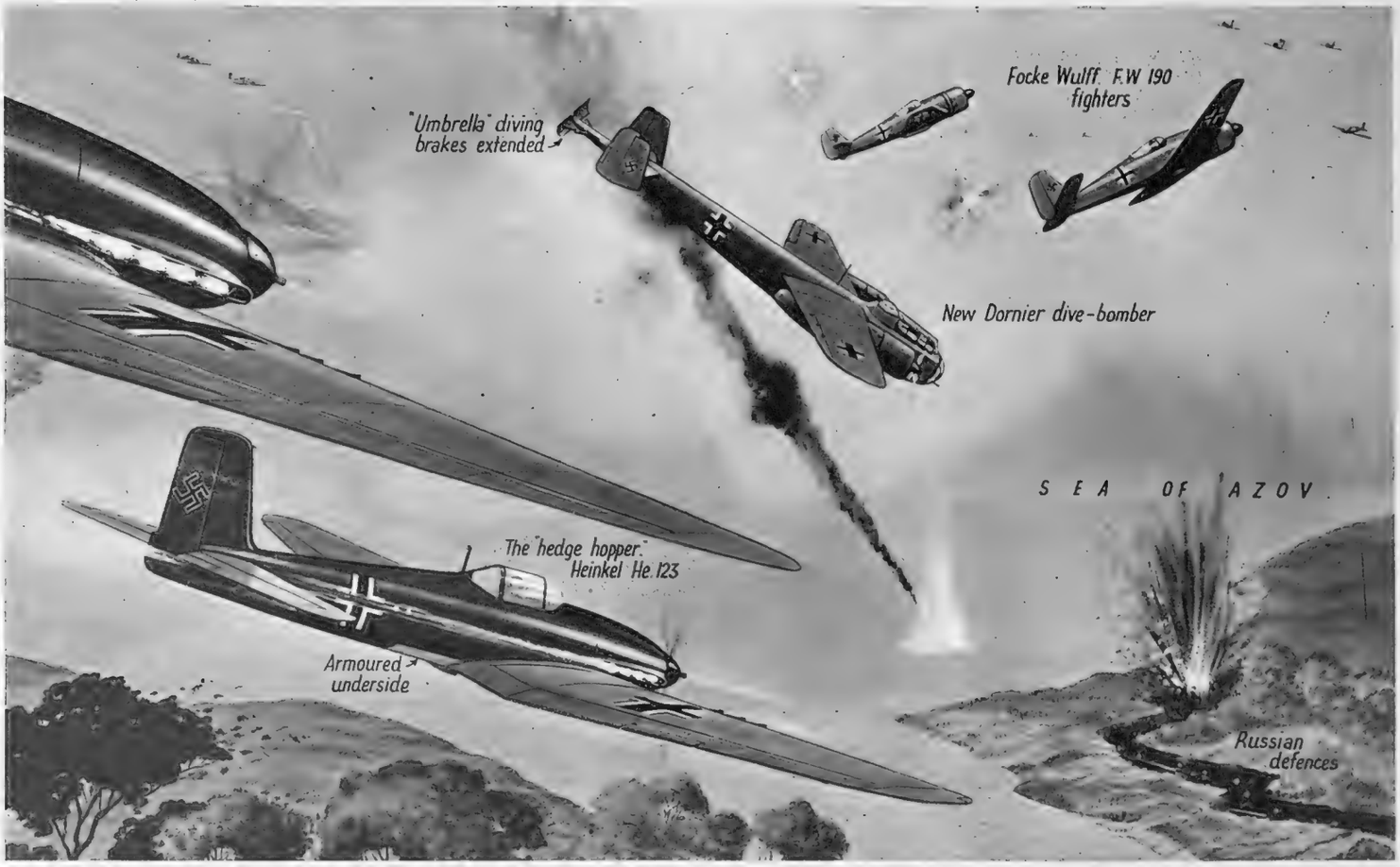
as its significance is isolated.) The claims have just about cancelled each other out, though the Russians have always been a little ahead, especially in claims of territory taken. Both sides have alleged the destruction of several hundred tanks and aircraft each.

Thus German counter-attacks have been delivered by infantry supported by tanks instead of by panzers. The Russians have been convincingly insistent about their almost settled air superiority. Rumoured German shortages of guns are perhaps confirmed by Russian claims to have captured no fewer than 600, a tremendous number.

It is possible that the Germans deliberately held their hand at first, holding everything back for the real spring offensive, not delivered at the time of writing. It is possible. . . . But could they really afford to let Timoshenko deal such a heavy blow at their Ukrainian dispositions at such a vital time? Could they really have so many tanks, aircraft and guns available after the winter, and in view of their commitments all over Europe? The German Army to-day not only has Russia on its hands, but must expect a British and American attack at any moment in any European region.

It is fairly safe to assume, until the events of the next few weeks unfold, that the opposing forces in Russia may now be fairly equally balanced, taking all qualities into consideration. Perhaps the Germans still have the most tanks, but we know they have greatly diluted their panzers, and it is a long time since we heard of a successful panzer attack—right back, in fact, to the vanished Guderian's failure round Tula last autumn. *But what does it signify for the future course of the war if Russian bear and German wolf are indeed on equal terms at last?*

It signifies that, if other parties do not interfere, this year's campaign in Russia will consist of hard, ding-dong slogging, with both sides thrusting hard at each other until they are clamped together like two combs with jammed teeth. Indeed, something like the stabilised front of the last war may ensue, though with the difference of continuous local fluidity. Then—still provided no one intervenes—matters may well come to a head in the autumn, according to the quality of the Russian generalship. Stalin long ago promised a decisive stroke against the Germans in the autumn of this year. That stroke might imply the jockeying of the Germans into such a position that the winter would hurt them even more than the last. If intervention can come from our side before it comes from the other, Germany could possibly be beaten this year. She would have to move back forces to meet us, and the Russians could deliver the death-blow in the autumn. Therefore it might pay us to make the attempt even if we are not completely ready. But it must not be forgotten that the Japanese might strike in Siberia first, drawing off Russian forces in their turn. So the best strategy for the United Nations would be to attack in two places this year at all costs, American forces hitting the Japanese to prevent them taking the Russians in the rear, ourselves landing somewhere on Europe at the same time. *If* it can be done . . .



NEW TYPES OF AIRCRAFT USED BY THE GERMANS IN THE FIGHTING OVER THE KERCH PENINSULA. It was the *Luftwaffe* which paved the way for the undoubted successes of the land forces in this campaign, which resulted in the evacuation of the Peninsula by the Russians

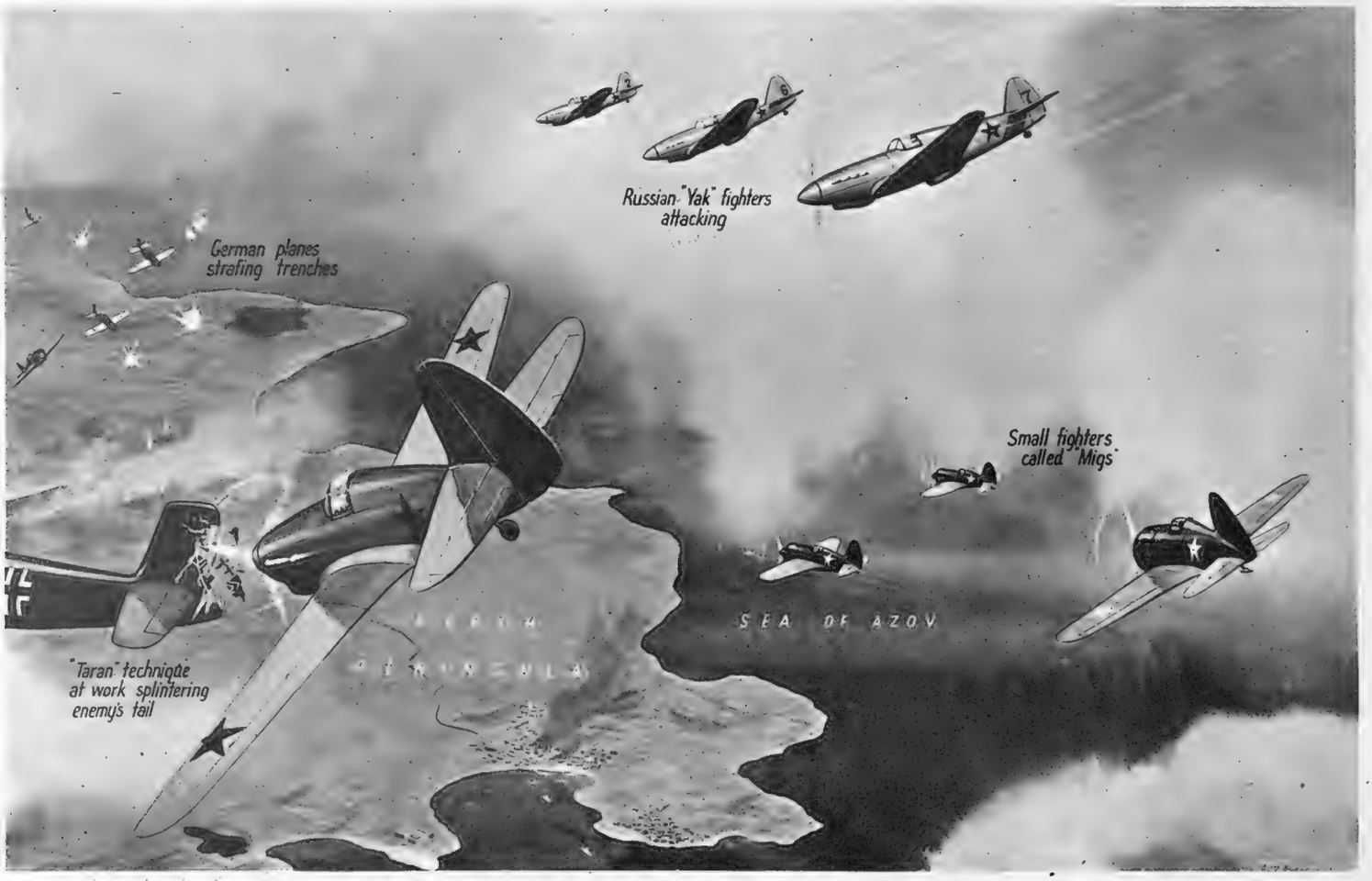
Russian Thrust and German Counter-Thrust *(cont.)*

GERMAN DIVE-BOMBERS and RUSSIAN FIGHTERS

Two special drawings by L. Ashwell Wood

Above—Several new types of aircraft were in action on the Kerch front for the first time. No details of these new machines are given, but three already publicised are the Dornier dive-bomber (fitted with unique diving-brakes in the tail, as illustrated above); the Focke-Wulf 190 fighter; and the Heinkel He. 123, nicknamed the "Hedge-hopper" or "Flying infantryman." This is a small, extremely fast machine, heavily armoured along the underside of the fuselage and armed with an unknown number of machine-guns. The special diving-brakes of the Dornier referred to above are fitted like an "umbrella": they protrude in novel fashion beyond the twin tail of the aircraft

Below—The Yak is like a small Spitfire and is very fast. The tiny, squat planes with huge, air-cooled engines are called "Migs" by the Russians. "Taran" is the favourite technique of splintering the rudder and tail of German planes with the steel airscrews of the Russian fighters. The word means a smashing, splintering blow: this technique is a development of fighting over a wide front when pilots often find themselves out of ammunition. "Taran" can only be accomplished with a metal propeller. In the Crimea, during the Kerch campaign, the Nazis were able to put in the air a swarm of machines which must have come as a shock even to the well-prepared Russians



RUSSIAN PLANES IN ACTION OVER KERCH: Although they fought desperately and brought down scores of enemy machines, the Soviet fighters were unable to protect their ground troops from the murderous onslaught of the German Stuka dive-bombers

ON THE LARGER MERCHANTMEN AND TROOPSHIPS, BIG 6-IN. GUNS LIKE THE ONE SHOWN ABOVE HAVE BEEN MOUNTED. These fire a projectile weighing 100 lb., and the ships' decks have to be strengthened to carry weight and recoil—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

At the outbreak of war in September 1939 some thousands of guns were immediately available for merchant-ship defence. Many of these weapons had seen service of the same kind in the last war, but some were given new mountings to enable them to be used as anti-aircraft guns. Excellent progress was made with the work, the necessity for which had to some extent been foreseen, and in the first six months about 1,900 vessels were armed; while by September 1940 the figure approached 3,000. As the war proceeded, and especially after the defection of France, intensive attacks from the air became a feature of the enemy campaign against shipping. Although provision for a certain proportion of anti-aircraft guns had been made in the original scheme, it became necessary to augment the armaments already installed by a large number of machine-guns and other special anti-aircraft weapons. Little information is available concerning the calibre and types of guns mounted in merchantmen, but they are known to include naval guns of 3-in., 4-in., and 4·7-in. calibre, while in some large and important vessels 6-in. guns, firing a 100-lb. projectile, have been mounted. Originally all guns were mounted astern, not merely because under International Law this entitled them to be rated as purely defensive weapons, but on the sound principle that to steam away from a submarine while firing at it is the best method of defence. When heavy guns are mounted at the stern of a vessel which was not originally designed as a warship, some stiffening of the deck structure is essential: how this work is carried out is indicated in the special drawing reproduced here

THE BIG GUNS OF THE MERCHANT SERVICE

And the Revival of the Seventeenth-Century "Maritime Regiment" to Man Them

THE arming of merchant ships on the outbreak of war is not a simple business. To be effective against a ruthless enemy like the Germans, it must be done quickly, as it is necessary to convince the enemy at once that attacking merchant ships by gunfire is too dangerous to be worth while. As many merchant ships return to this country only at infrequent intervals, it is necessary for guns to be available for mounting at as many ports as possible all over the world. Moreover, the structure of most merchant ships has to be specially strengthened to withstand the shock of gunfire, and this also takes time.

From the very start, when it at once became clear that Germany had every intention of adopting a policy of "sink at sight," to ensure that the best use was made of the weapons at our disposal, it was decided to allocate a number of pensioners and time-expired seamen and Royal Marines to act as gunlayers of the armed ships and to take charge of the mercantile gun crews. Owing to the heavy requirements of the Royal Navy, however, the number of men available trained as gunlayers did not equal the number of guns laid aside for merchant ships. It was therefore found necessary to recruit men directly for the "Defensively Equipped Merchant Service" (known for short as D.E.M.S.)—and many answered the call, from all walks of life.

After the fall of France, again we found that there were more guns than men. At the same time, however, the Army had many men under training, or evacuated from Dunkirk, for whom weapons were not available. An arrangement was therefore made between the War Office and Admiralty that a number of soldiers should be lent to the Navy to supplement the D.E.M.S. ratings in merchant ships. At first this was applied only to ships in waters round the United Kingdom, where the attacks were heaviest, but gradually spread to the Atlantic, and as the soldiers began to find their sea-legs they were allocated to vessels going to Allied ports.

In addition to manning the H.A. guns provided by the Navy, a number of complete gun crews were loaned by the Army, with their anti-aircraft guns, to assist in the Battle of the Atlantic.

So from a small start grew a sizable regiment of "D.E.M.S. soldiers" to assist the naval D.E.M.S. ratings and the Merchant Service to fire the guns in the ships. At the same time the number of naval men for D.E.M.S. was increasing, but with the war spreading and intensifying, their numbers never caught up with the number of ships requiring trained men to help in their defence. To-day a force of some 10,000 to 12,000 men, organised in four Maritime Regiments, all reckoned as part of the Royal Artillery, are engaged in manning guns in merchant ships. Training in the use of the weapons is the same for both D.E.M.S. naval ratings and ranks of the Maritime Regiments. At sea the senior man takes charge of the service personnel, irrespective of whether he belongs to the Navy or Army. He is responsible to the ship's Master for the efficiency and welfare of all the Service personnel on board.

By the time the Navy were ready to start taking over from the Army, the Maritime Regiments had become fully established. *Esprit de corps* was high, and altogether it seemed most undesirable to disband such an excellent team. It was therefore decided by the War Office to permit the Maritime Regiments to remain in being. Thus the Maritime Regiments of the seventeenth century were revived to continue, after a lapse of nearly 300 years, their historic function—namely, "The defence of our trade."

Ranks of the Maritime Regiment are now allocated to ships as required by the Admiralty; their administration is, however, still arranged by the War Office. At the end of the voyage the men return to depots, where they are trained not only in the use of the weapons, but in boat-pulling and sailing, climbing rope ladders and other sea lore. Similarly, the Naval D.E.M.S. ratings return to depots established at all our commercial ports for leave and to continue their training before returning to the sea.

THIS IS AN ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH which shows the size of the big gun mounted at the stern of a British troopship

A SERGEANT OF THE MARITIME REGIMENT firing a 20-mm. Oerliken gun. There are now some 10,000 to 12,000 men in this Regiment

HOW THE BRITISH LANDINGS WERE MADE IN MADAGASCAR—*Special* Sphere *Drawings*

OUR CONVOYS ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE PENINSULA ARRIVED UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS inside a dangerous series of rocks and coral reefs which form a ring round the bay. As the invasion fleet anchored, assault and motor craft dropped noiselessly to the water—and invasion had begun!—*Drawing by F. D. Blake*

The publication of fuller narratives of the operations against Antsirana and Diego Suarez, at the northern extremity of Madagascar, enables us to illustrate and describe with greater detail the tactics followed on both sides of the island. The picture above shows what happened after the big invasion flotilla had reached its secret rendezvous in a western bay, which was guarded so effectively (thought the French authorities) by islands, rocks and reefs that the gun positions to north and south of it were only manned during the daylight hours. The British plan provided for our convoys to arrive under cover of darkness in this bay, which is separated from Diego Suarez by some 25 miles—a sort of "back door," connected by a straggling road to the main settlements around the harbour to the east. Recently-installed batteries of 6-in. and 3·7-in. guns commanded the wide horizon, but so satisfied were the French that no large ship could thread the dangerous channels except in daylight that no opposition was offered by night! When, in bright moonlight at two o'clock in the morning of May 5, our light craft led in the big ships of the convoy, we were able to take up our anchorages unhindered within one minute of the scheduled time. As the vessels came to anchor, assault and motor-landing craft dropped noiselessly from their well-greased davits into the water. Troops who, two hours later, had secured beaches and batteries without casualty, were already in their craft as they splashed gently into the water. By the time that dawn began to lighten round the jagged silhouettes of the island, an army, well mechanised and heavily armed with automatic weapons, was already pushing its way inland. The task of putting ashore the troops, their vehicles and their stores was carried out speedily, despite deteriorating weather conditions

THE point selected for the invasion convoy was Courrier Bay. The British force arrived off the entrance at dawn on May 5 after a voyage which—as Mr. Churchill has told us—took two months to complete. The entire force, both naval and military (and its supplies) arrived at the appointed time without loss.

It was found that the approaches to the bay were heavily mined, and considerable minesweeping operations were necessary, during the course of which a corvette was lost. Overlooking Courrier Bay was a coastal battery sited on high ground, from which opposition might have been expected. This was the first objective, and it was captured very soon after the initial landing by Special Service troops and the East Lancashire Regiment, the garrison of the battery being taken by surprise.

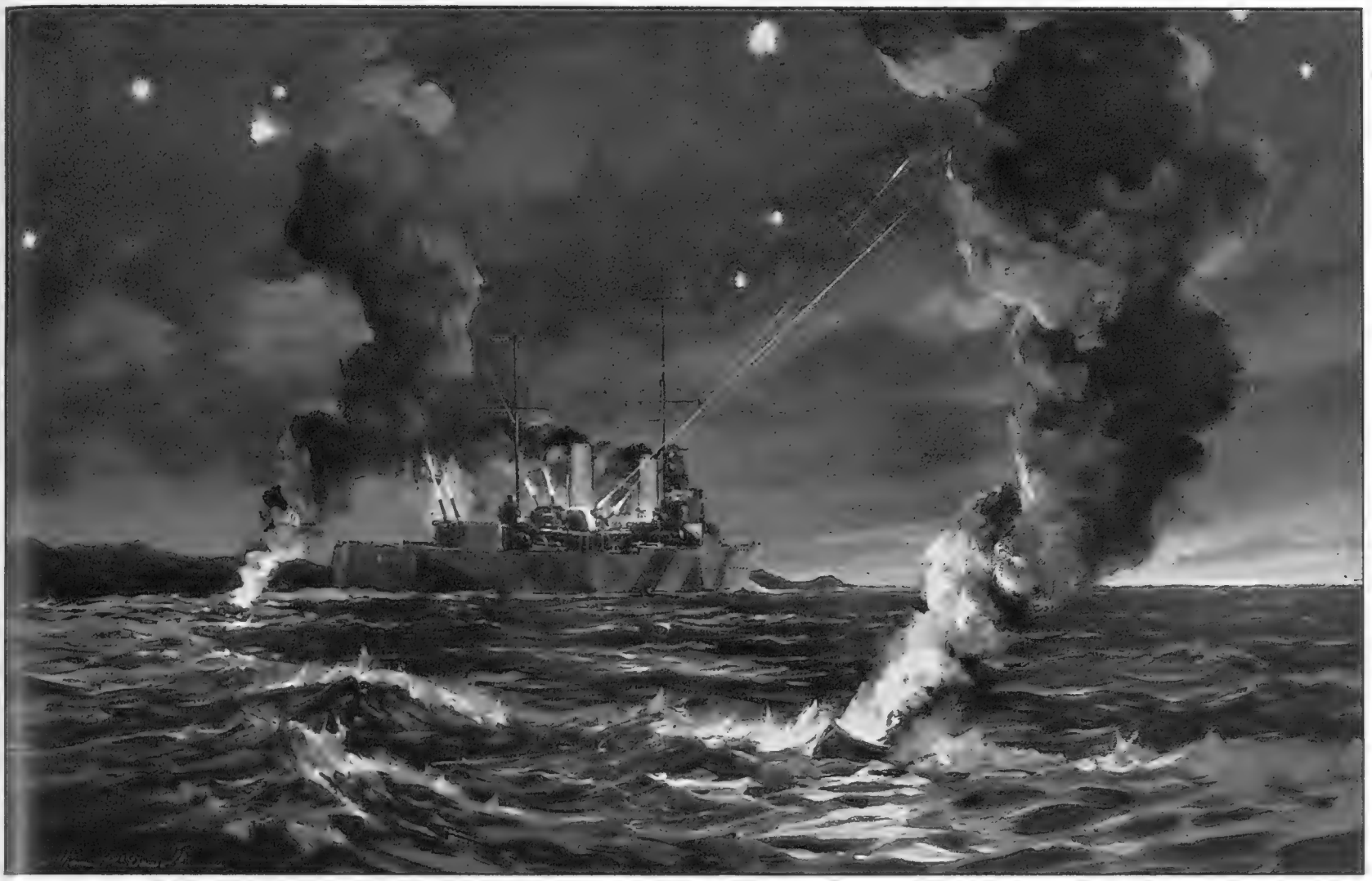
At about eleven o'clock on the 5th, our advance troops were held up by the defence on high ground near Antsirana; by 6 p.m. of the same day, however, our troops were only two miles south of the town. With the arrival of reinforcements, the final assault on Antsirana was carried out after dark on the night of the 6th. It was at this juncture that the diversion by a force of fifty Royal Marines (see lower picture on next page) was made.

It is interesting to note that naval aircraft from carriers of the Royal Navy played a conspicuously successful part in the operations. In the first instance they attacked the aerodrome, and the defence was thereby deprived of air power. During the subsequent operations, the naval aircraft rendered valuable support and co-operation both to the naval and military forces. Admiral Syfret, in command of the expedition, has spoken highly of the way in which the naval aircraft responded to every call made upon them.

On the following day the coast-defence batteries and defensive positions on the Oranjia Peninsula, south of the entrance to Diego Suarez Harbour, surrendered. That afternoon, May 7, ships of Admiral Syfret's force, preceded by minesweepers, entered Diego Suarez Harbour.

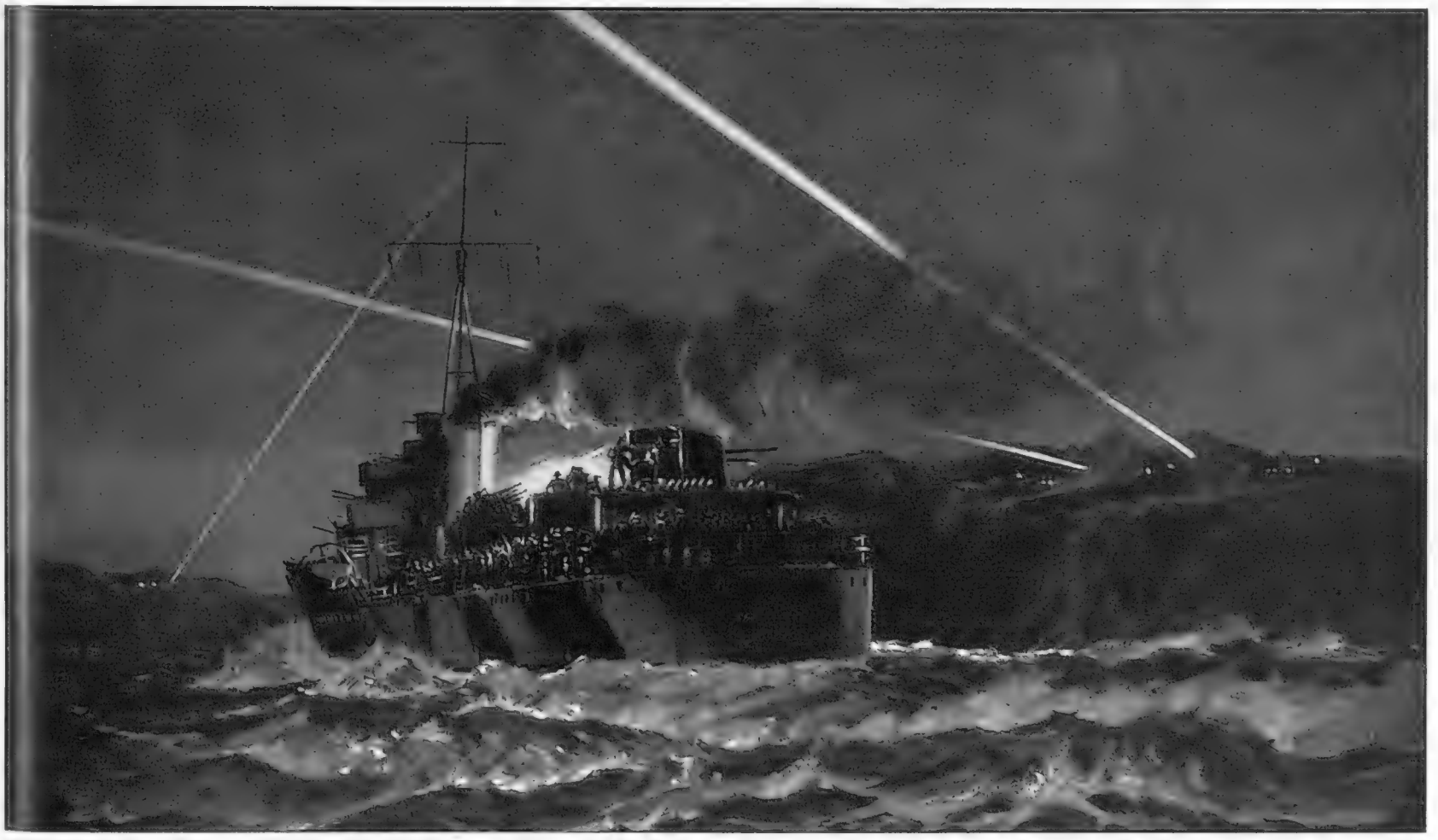
A WIRELESS PICTURE FROM DIEGO SUAREZ WHICH SHOWS A GERMAN VESSEL SCUTTLED IN THE DRY DOCK: When our forces occupied Madagascar they found in the dry dock there the German freighter *Wartenfels*, a vessel of 6,000 tons. Her crew had attempted to dynamite her, but their attempt was unsuccessful. On the outbreak of the war the *Wartenfels* was in the Red Sea: to avoid capture by the Royal Navy she took shelter in Italian East Africa, then neutral territory. Later she fled to Madagascar. Also in Diego Suarez at the time of the British landings were two Italian merchantmen, which were scuttled by their crews, who were taken prisoner.

THE POPULATION OF MADAGASCAR IS FRIENDLY TOWARDS THE BRITISH: Here a small inhabitant is making advances to a British sentry—*a picture sent by wireless*



TO COVER THE LANDING OPERATIONS ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE PENINSULA, on the *east* side one of our light cruisers created a diversion by launching lighted tar barrels and sending up star shells to mislead the defenders as to the true point of attack—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

As the main forces approached the west coast of the peninsula on which stands Diego Suarez, to the *east* of the latter harbour, one of our light cruisers was waiting to create a diversion—a classic British manœuvre at sea. At five o'clock on the morning of May 5—half an hour later the Commandos were due ashore—this cruiser lit floating tar barrels, created smoke, and sent up star shells which lit up the morning banks of clouds and the silhouette of land, so that the whole scene was illuminated even from the opposite side of the peninsula. The picture by Mr. McDowell reproduced here shows the scene just as dawn was breaking: the light cruiser is circling slowly, dropping her blazing tar barrels in her wake, and firing off her star shells in all directions. At the same time her funnel belches smoke, caused by chemical means; at a distance of ten miles or more this would probably give the effect of a Fleet action in full swing!



THE HEROIC DASH THROUGH THE NARROW ENTRANCE INTO DIEGO SUAREZ HARBOUR ITSELF: One of our destroyers, with fifty Marines on board from another warship, dashes in through the Narrows to land her men on the wharf at Antsirana—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The object of this apparently hopeless manœuvre was to create confusion in the town, whilst the principal British forces were approaching from quite another point. A British destroyer lying off Diego Suarez to the east took on fifty Marines from another warship and made a dash through the narrow entrance guarded by the point-blank fire of the defence batteries on either side. She made the perilous passage at full speed, opening up with her pom-poms as she passed to keep the crews of the batteries on the jump. She got through, but not unnoticed: various coast guns opened up on her, but neither their rate of fire nor accuracy was impressive. The destroyer replied with all she had got. The results seemed very satisfactory, for by the time she was in the mouth of the narrow entrance, where she should have been blown out of the water, the enemy's artillery had practically ceased. In the darkness she swung her stern on to the narrow wharf at Antsirana. Armed with tommy-guns and festooned with grenades, the Marines leapt ashore, while the destroyer's pom-poms and machine-guns kept up a noisy covering fire. The number of the Marines was so small that, in cold print, their orders read like those of a suicide squad. Actually, there was only one casualty! The detachment gave the impression of a large force. Such were the noise and alarm that the French officer appeared immediately with the white flag of surrender

LIFELINE across the ATLANTIC

A BRIDGE OF SHIPS TO ONE OF THE BATTLE ZONES: When this picture was taken, the line of ships of which these formed a part stretched back to the horizon as far as the eye could see. They were all vessels of a U.S. convoy bound for one of the far-flung battle zones; and the ships were sailing so placidly only because out on the wings and in front and rear were warships on guard ready to repel any threat to the convoy

A DRAMA OF THE OCEAN: Rescued after twelve days on a raft! This remarkable picture was taken at the rescue of two men, who had been adrift on this tiny raft for twelve days: it was taken from the aircraft which came to their aid, as the two castaways summoned up their rapidly waning strength to wave a welcome. The men were Terence J. Bradley, twenty-two years of age, and Joseph Dieltiens, forty-three: both were members of the crew of a Panama ship which was torpedoed in the Atlantic. The aircraft which located them flew the two men to Norfolk, Virginia, where Dieltiens died in hospital as a result of his sufferings

***Below*—HOW THE ATLANTIC PATROL OPERATES:** A United States destroyer is here steaming through an early-morning mist. This striking picture was made by an official photographer off the Grand Banks in the North Atlantic. Cold Arctic winds sweeping down over the warm Gulf Stream create the low, hanging fog for which this part of the Atlantic Ocean is notorious

PROTECTION FOR THE MERCHANTMEN IN AN ATLANTIC CONVOY: The balloons, towed by the ships, often perform the queerest antics during squalls at sea, but it is only rarely that they break loose, even in the roughest of weather—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

It will be recalled that some little time ago the protection of the anchored balloon was extended to vessels in convoy, although the extent of the barrage is necessarily restricted and the number of cables accordingly is limited. The type of balloon used is not precisely that employed for land protection. The body of the balloon itself is smaller, and the rear fins are sharper and more fish-like. These silver fish, or dolphins, are run up aloft from some suitable position on the ship and then, once aloft, they are at the mercy of any winds which may be blowing. If the weather is calm they naturally trail astern with the forward motion of the ship at a convenient and orderly angle, but should a very heavy wind spring up, it is possible to see the balloons riding ahead of the ships, giving the impression, at a first glance, that the convoy has reversed its direction. In really squally weather the balloons are apt to play the strangest antics, and in some cases actually break loose; but usually, although the silver flying fish may be blown out violently to port or starboard, the cable holds, and the fish may be seen lurching and tossing only a few yards from the surface of the water. This is, of course, while the full strength of the gust is blowing. It is interesting to note, however, that strange as these antics may be, the pull on the cable has singularly little effect on navigation.

THIS IS ONE OF THE BIGGEST VESSELS IN A RECENT ATLANTIC CONVOY, which is here seen ploughing her way towards one of the many battle zones. It will be noted that the liner is under the protection of a U.S. Navy dirigible or "blimp"

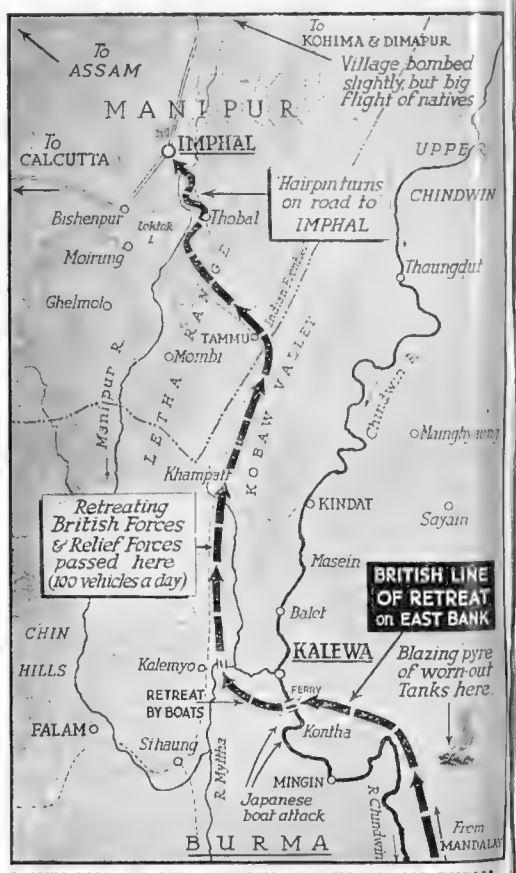
THE SUCCESSFUL RETIREMENT FROM BURMA: *The Route Across the Chindwin River and the Road Taken by the British Forces Over the Burmese Hills towards Assam and India*

BATTLE IN THE SALWEEN GORGE, WHERE THE CHINESE IN RETREAT SUDDENLY TURNED ON THE JAPS as the result of a surprise fighter raid by the American Volunteer Group, swarmed back across the great river and killed 3,000 of the "Red Dragons"—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

In this war fighting has taken place in many strange areas : none has been more spectacular than the action in the deep gorge of the Salween River, one of the world's most terrific clefts. The Chinese General had just committed *hara-kiri* in front of his troops, who had been driven over the river by the Japs, when fighters of the American Volunteer Group came roaring down the pass, bombing and strafing as they came. This so heartened the battle-weary Chinese that they turned on their attackers, recrossed the river and inflicted a major defeat on the Japs. The Chinese were led by the Governor of Yunnan : he had assumed command after the suicide of the general, and, with the dead man at his feet, harangued the officers and men preparing a stand to block the road to Paoshan. Even as he talked six fighters flashed above them and swooped down on the long line of Jap vehicles : each plane had six 35-lb. bombs in the racks and guns loaded to full capacity. At this point the famed Burma Road is a narrow track, winding 1,000 ft. down the river gorge to a wrecked bridge, where a long climb up the sheer side of the mountain begins. On one side, almost touching, stretched Jap tanks and armoured cars and lorries of the vaunted "Red Dragon" Division. On the other was a long column of stationary Chinese trucks. Up and down the mountain track flew the American pilots, while the Chinese had a grandstand view. They saw at least 100 Jap vehicles blown up or topple down the precipice on landslides caused by the bombs. It was too much for the Chinese. Waving rifles and screaming fierce war-cries, they raced down the mountainside and swarmed across the river in an irresistible mass. At the same time the Chinese left on the west side of the river sprang from their hiding-places and fell on the panicking Japs. In a few moments the pursuers had become the pursued : 3,000 dead were left on the field of battle as the enemy fled in disorder

THE SAVING OF THE GUNS IN BURMA : As an evidence of the quality of the British retreat comes the news that all the guns had been saved, in spite of the difficulties of transport—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

The tanks we used to such good effect had to be destroyed to prevent them falling into enemy hands—but not so the guns. On a hairpin bend, with a sheer drop of thousands of feet on one side of the road, a correspondent came across a tractor pulling a 25-pounder gun : after much manœuvring, one wheel of the gun slipped over the cliff-edge. The road here—leading to Tammu and, later, to Imphal, in Manipur—lies 6,000 ft. up : it was cut out of the red mountain soil in the incredible space of two months: one of the war's most prodigious feats. Slowly the tractor pulled the gun back on the road and passed on to negotiate a hundred similar bends. It had already been hauled 800 miles, the necessary spares coming from immobilised wrecks alongside the road ! Most of the guns came out by way of this route to Tammu. A few weeks later, and the coming of the monsoons would have transformed the road tracks into a quagmire



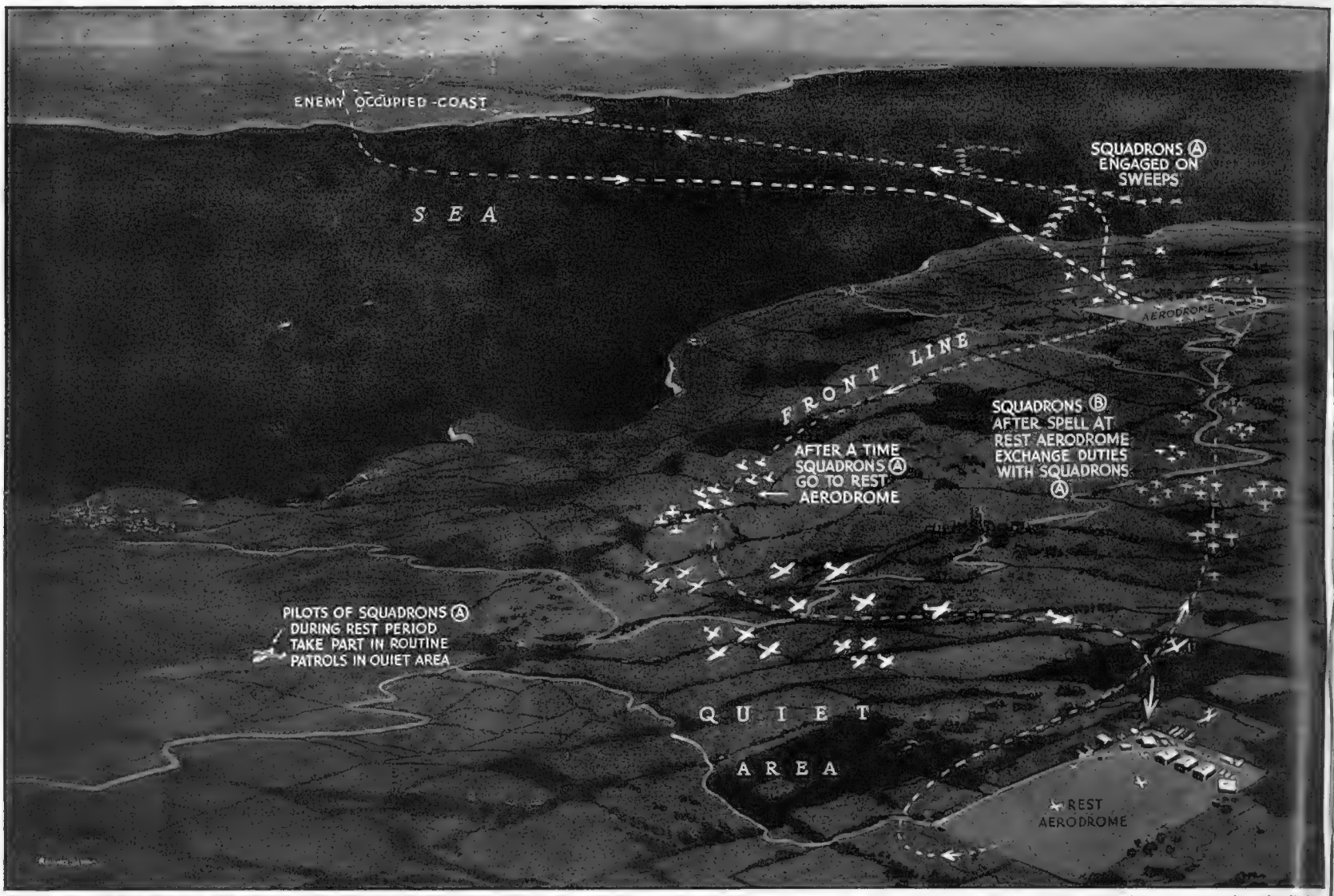
A KEY MAP TO THE BRITISH RETREAT FROM BURMA : The scene of the Battle of the Salween Gorge (a picture of which is given above) is not included within the area of this map : it lies far to the east. But the scene of the Japanese boat attack illustrated in the upper picture on the next page is indicated near Kalewa ; and so is the spot depicted in the drawing *on the left*, near Tammu. The thick black line shows the route followed by General Alexander's forces towards Imphal and Assam. From Mandalay the route was mainly by way of the Chindwin River, along its east bank. At one point indicated here the worn-out tanks of an Armoured Brigade were burnt, their crews thereafter marching on foot carrying their Bren guns, tommy-guns and small arms with which to fight off their pursuers

WHILST THE RETREATING BRITISH FORCES WERE BEING FERRIED ACROSS THE CHINDWIN RIVER, south of Kalewa, an attack was made by the Japanese by motor-boats. But the attackers were driven off by Gurkhas and British gunners and forced to retire—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

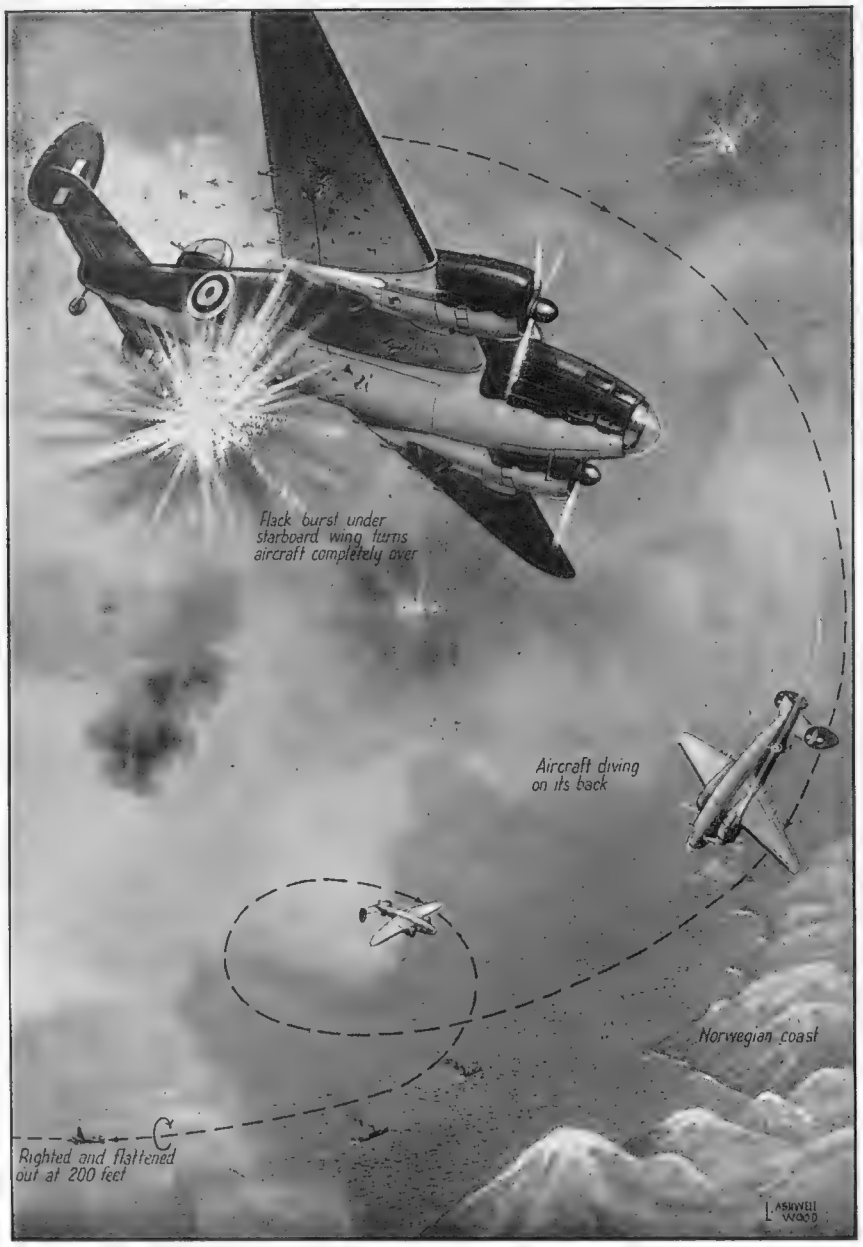
The key-point of the British withdrawal across the Chindwin, from the east side to the west, was a tiny village six miles south of Kalewa and 150 miles north of Mandalay (*see key map on opposite page*). Troops, guns and tanks of the 17th Division were being ferried across in flat-bottomed river-steamers, when a British officer (sent down-river in a canoe to reconnoitre) suddenly sighted a fleet of troop-laden Japanese motor-boats coming up. He was too late to give warning; by the time he had returned the Japs had placed mortars in position and were already shelling the jetties from which our troops were embarking. Gurkhas came to the rescue: they attacked the Japanese with automatic fire, while our guns pounded them into silence. The remnants of the defeated Japanese forces retired, and the embarkation of the two Brigades continued till all were safely across the river

HOW GENERAL ALEXANDER, IN COMMAND OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN BURMA, ESCAPED ACROSS THE CHINDWIN RIVER in a stern-wheeler reminiscent of "Show Boat," one of the last to leave the country before the advancing Japs—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

General Alexander—"Fighting Alex" to his officers and men—had his headquarters in the dusty compound of a Burmese house built on stilts on the river's edge. He was the last man to leave Dunkirk at the end of our campaign in France and Belgium in 1940; and he was also amongst the last to cross the Chindwin out of Burma and into Assam. He experienced many narrow escapes, one when the house he had been using as his head quarters received a direct hit from a Japanese bomb: he had left it only a few minutes before, and saw it go up in flames and smoke from a trench which was straddled by other bombs. The General crossed the Chindwin River in a typical Burmese stern-wheeler reminiscent of the film *Show Boat*. With him on board were 1,000 British troops leaving the country with him. He removed his heavy campaigning boots in case the boat was hit, and then helped to repair holes made by bomb splinters caused by an air attack as the vessel steamed away. No serious damage was done, and the crossing of the Chindwin was made successfully



HOW THE ROTA SYSTEM OF THE R.A.F. IS OPERATED, so that fighter pilots may be kept fresh by resting them in quiet areas: from fighter sweeps by daylight, the squadrons pass back to Rest Aerodromes, where only "routine" patrols are carried out—*Drawing by Roland Davies*



WHEN the Battle of Britain was being fought out over the eastern and south-eastern counties in the autumn of 1940, pilots were constantly fighting: aircraft and fighter pilots were few, and when a pilot landed he never knew whether or not he would be sent up again immediately. Sometimes fighters would take the air three, and more, times in a single day.

The R.A.F. Fighter Command is now strong enough to carry out five, six, seven or more major operations in one and the same day—and it is exceptional for the same pilot to be called on more than once. To-day Squadrons and Wings always go out at full strength: the enemy is less and less anxious to challenge our formations: the initiative is ours, so that due warning can be given to pilots, and the latter, therefore, start out fresh and untired.

Fighter pilots are of an average age of twenty-three years, and so they do not tire quickly or take long to recover.

TECHNIQUE FOR SEA-FLYING: An aircraft which had been catapulted from a U.S. warship in an Atlantic convoy returns from a reconnaissance flight. A crane will now pick up the aircraft and set it back on the deck

Each pilot has a day off a week, and forty-eight hours off each month. He is also entitled to one week's leave in six.

The rota system has been evolved, further to release our fighters from the great strain of operational flying. After a period on "sweeps," in the front-line, as it were, Squadrons are periodically moved back to Rest Aerodromes, allowing fresh and untired pilots to take their places for "ops" over enemy-occupied territory. When back at these Rest Aerodromes, the newcomers take part in routine patrols over quiet areas—a pleasant change from what might be called front-line service, but nevertheless an essential part of the R.A.F.'s duties. How the rota system operates is indicated in diagrammatic form in the drawing reproduced here.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

Special Sphere *Drawings and Diagrams*

On left—**WHAT "FLAK" MEANS TO THE PILOT: An unusual explosion under the wing and its effect on a Hudson**—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

Almost every account of a big bombing raid contains a description of the effect of heavy *flak* (or anti-aircraft fire) on the aircraft taking part. When the shells come too close, it may mean damage to wings, engines or fuselage: sometimes there are freak effects, too. Here is one such case, which was experienced by a Hudson of Coastal Command over the Norwegian coast a short time ago. A heavy anti-aircraft shell burst under the Hudson's starboard wing and turned the plane on its back: the crew were "shuttlecocked" from roof to floor and from side to side as the aircraft spun dizzily down *on its back* at 320 miles an hour. But, when only 200 ft. above the waves, the Hudson's captain, overcoming the force of gravity (which must be experienced to be believed at that speed!), managed to get his feet on the rudder and bring the big twin-engined aircraft back on an even keel

THE FLYING FORTRESS GOES INTO MASS PRODUCTION : A striking picture of the new Boeing B-17E, described by the U.S. War Department as "bigger and more deadly" than any of its predecessors in this famous series

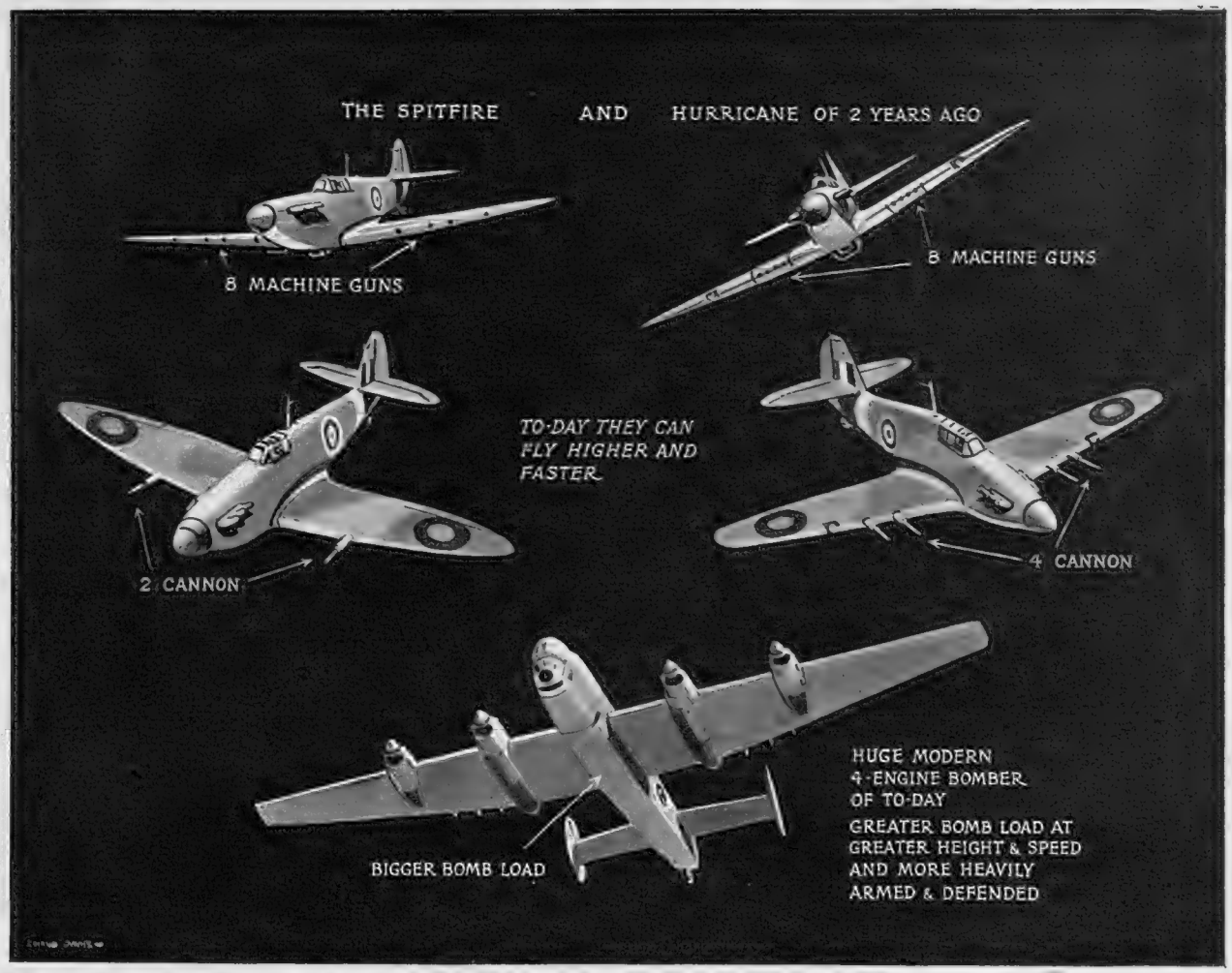
This new aircraft is a key weapon in America's National Defence programme : it is the first of a huge production series now in process of manufacture at the Boeing Aircraft Company's factory in Seattle. Under a special three-company "production pool" arrangement, the new Flying Fortress is also being built in quantity by the Douglas Aircraft Company at its new Long Beach, California, plant ; and by the Vega Aircraft Company (a subsidiary of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation) in Burbank, also in California. The Boeing Aircraft Company, in addition, has greatly expanded its Wichita, Kansas, establishment in order to supplement the production of the main factory at Seattle

On right—

In a recent broadcast to the Empire, the Minister of Aircraft Production described the great improvement in British aircraft since the formation of the Ministry two years ago. In the interval, said Colonel J. J. Llewellin, the Spitfire and Hurricane had been improved out of all recognition. The Spitfire of to-day could fly higher and faster than its predecessor : both it and the Hurricane carried more weight of gun power and were better armed. Squadron-Leader J. A. F. Maclachlan has confirmed this also in a broadcast statement, in which he declared from personal experience that "the effect of our four cannon is incredible," after the eight machine-guns he had previously been used to. Other of our fighters include the Beaufighter, which in its night-fighting capacity is already taking toll of enemy raiders. There are other aircraft, stated Colonel Llewellin, some already in production, some yet being developed, which will ensure that our Air Force will remain superior to that of the enemy's.

On the bomber side, the big four-engined machines now form our main offensive attack on important ports, arsenals and factories in the heart of Germany. These aircraft not only carry a heavier load of bombs at a greater height and speed, but are themselves much more heavily defended with armour and guns. (The Stirling, our biggest bomber at the moment—the world's biggest, in fact—accommodates eight tons of bombs !)

The latest comment on this subject has come from Major Seversky, the famous American aircraft designer. In New York a few days ago he stated that even bigger aircraft are on the way. "Indeed," said he, "the British recently put into service an aeroplane larger than the Stirling or Halifax, but details cannot be divulged." Major Seversky also declared that the R.A.F. are relying increasingly on these big bombers "not only because of their bigger punch, but because they offer better tactical control and the loss of skilled personnel is smaller." According to him, some of our machines are now carrying bombs weighing as much as four or five tons apiece ! These "block bombs," as the Germans and Americans term them, and again according to the Major, were responsible for much of the devastation caused at Lubeck and Rostock.



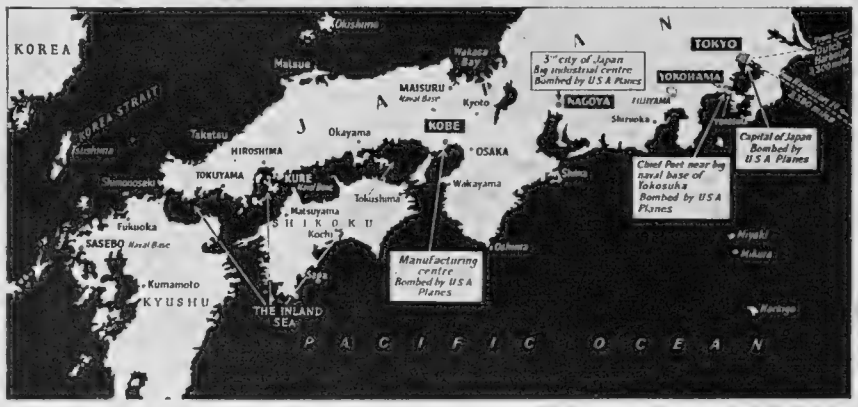
THE FIGHTER AIRCRAFT OF THE R.A.F. ARE STILL THE BEST ; And British bombers include the world's biggest—and they are still growing (*See also notes on the left*)—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

THE GREAT INLAND SEA OF JAPAN, the land-locked expanse of water around which are clustered some of the big ports and naval arsenals and manufacturing centres of the Oriental Empire, which make this area of the greatest wartime importance—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE JAPANESE SCENE

Special Sphere Diagram-drawings Showing Some of the Principal Centres of the Jap War Effort

The land-locked basin known as the Inland Sea is not only one of the most beautiful natural features of Japan : it is now one of the most important naval and industrial sections in the whole of the Japanese Empire. It extends from Osaka Bay to the Strait of Shimonoseki—a distance of 240 miles ; but the central section of this area (as indicated in the above drawing) has a width of 100 miles and a depth of 50 miles. Kobe is a harbour of great importance : it is also one of the main shipbuilding centres. Kure is Japan's largest naval arsenal ; whilst at Tokuyama the Navy's principal fuel depot has been located. At Sasebo, outside the Inland Sea, is another repair yard capable of dealing with the largest warships.



In the *lower* drawing on this page is a diagram-drawing of Japan's capital city, Tokyo—mysteriously bombed (together with a number of other cities and harbours and arsenals) by U.S. aircraft on April 18. The steamer seen in the foreground of the picture would have to steam 45 miles to reach the city quays—which gives some idea of the distances represented. Tokyo is a sprawling place, with a modern core but with vast, flimsily-constructed and overcrowded suburbs. The city is perfectly flat, with low hills approaching from the west. The great port of Yokohama connects up with Tokyo ; and not far away is Japan's chief naval port and dockyard, Yokosuka, at the entrance to Tokyo Bay. This, too, was bombed on April 18.

TOKYO, CAPITAL CITY OF JAPAN, on the south-east coast of the island of Honshu on the Bay of Tokyo. The great sprawling city is connected with Yokohama, principal seaport of Japan, and with the great naval base at Yokosuka—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

TOKYO FROM THE AIR DURING A "RAID": A picture taken before the outbreak of the present hostilities during a test raid, when smoke "bombs" were dropped on the city. The test became an actuality on April 18 when the city was raided by U.S. bombers!

THE WOMEN OF JAPAN PREPARE: A picture taken as far back as 1938, when anti-air-raid drill was being inaugurated in Tokyo as a preparation for the coming war

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT CENTRES OF THE JAPANESE WAR EFFORT—KOBE, seaport and city on the great Inland Sea. There are two good harbours, and from its dockyards the biggest battleships are launched. It has already been bombed by U.S. planes—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Kobe, fifth city in point of size in the Japanese Empire, has grown enormously within recent years. It lies at the eastern arm of the great Inland Sea, not very far from Osaka, which faces it across the bay. Although only founded in 1868, its development has been so great that it has absorbed all the countryside in the immediate neighbourhood. Before the war it actually exported more than Yokohama; but to-day, not only are its many factories supporting the Japanese war effort, but its great shipbuilding yards must be crammed to capacity. It is here that the great Mitsubishi concern has its yards, with their floating docks; and at Kawasaki there is an important dockyard. To the north of the city lies the range of lofty and uneven hills known as the Kobe Alps

ANCIENT AND MODERN IN TOKYO: The modern, in the Japanese capital, is chiefly to be found in the city centre. Leading from this, however, are the suburbs of typical, flimsy Oriental architecture. Incendiary bombs dropped on the paper-and-lath buildings would wreak very great damage indeed: and the Japanese authorities are very apprehensive concerning the effects of bombing raids

THE WATERFRONT AT KOBE, GREAT JAPANESE INDUSTRIAL CENTRE: Smoking chimneys and crowded roadsteads testify to the importance of this rapidly expanding modern city

THE SECOND BATTLE OF WATERLOO

How British Railways and Railwaymen Carried on Throughout the Blitz—A Story (Which Still can Only be Told Partially) of the Way in Which our Vital Inland Communications were Kept Open at a Critical Period

By CHARLES GRAVES

LONDONERS, and everyone else, who live some distance away from the coast, read daily reports of daylight mosquito raids by enemy aircraft on our coastal towns. Guarded communiqués are issued by the Air Ministry saying that a certain amount of damage was done, but seldom specify the actual neighbourhood. These attacks are the German retort to our sweeps of Northern France carried out by Hurricane bombers. But whereas our aircraft fly many miles inland, the German attacks (by daylight) seldom penetrate more than a few miles. Like our aircraft, they concentrate on railway trains, railway tracks, railway stations, gas-mains, and power-houses—if they are not intercepted by our fighters. If this occurs, they drop their bombs indiscriminately.

ONE OF THE REASONS WHY YOUR TRAIN MAY HAVE BEEN A LITTLE LATE WHILST THE BLITZ WAS ON! This is a view of a rail junction the morning after a heavy raid. Despite such damage, however, railway gangs soon had the lines repaired and trains working again

Places along the South Coast like Dover, Folkestone and Deal are only a few minutes' flying distance from the nearest German aerodromes on the Continent, and however active our patrols may be, they stand a very good chance on a cloudy day of nipping across, dropping their bombs and escaping from these mosquito raids.

I have just been talking to a number of stationmasters, engine-drivers, guards and firemen who are right in the front line. They tell me that unless some actual damage is done to the track or to the trains they do not bother to make a report to Head Office.

It is naturally undesirable to give any place-names for attacks where bombs have been dropped by the enemy in this past two or three weeks—for the very good reason that the agitated raiders have little or no idea where they have made landfall or, therefore, where their bombs have dropped. You may remember that Lieut.-Colonel Moore-Brabazon announced after the Battle of Britain that the second Battle of Waterloo had been won by us. He added that almost every time that the Germans sent over a wave of bombers, something fell in the neighbourhood of the Southern Railway.

At the moment I am only interested in praising the railwaymen who carry on, raid or no raid. Sixty-three out of 206 commendations for gallantry among railwaymen have come to the Southern Railway. Listen to the stationmaster of X: "The Jerries used to come over almost every day. One day I was just getting out of bed at 6.30 when four of them flew over at 50 ft. and released their bombs. The screeching of their power dive was terrific; the vibration was very heavy. I hurried downstairs and telephoned to the railway station to find out what had happened. Nobody seemed quite sure what had occurred, so I hurried off, still half-dressed. Several bombs had been dropped in the neighbourhood. The first fell 30 ft. from the railway and the second 42 ft. on the other side.

"At the time the bombs were dropped the Messerschmitts were machine-gunning the station. One of the firemen was hit in the head. The trouble is that before you can do anything about it the aeroplanes dash over and go away. This fireman had not time to put on his regulation steel helmet. But before the piece of metal was taken out of his head he took his train to the terminus.

"Soon after this, four Messerschmitts came screaming over. Down came the bombs—two on railway property and one on a near-by school. The first killed one of my men on the siding; the second fell in some gardens, but blew every window out of an empty passenger-train near by. Two passengers standing on the platform were hit by flying glass.

"Fights still go on regularly over the town, but at least we have the satisfaction of hearing our fighters and bombers going over to France. One hundred and two went over recently. We often see enemy aircraft falling in flames, and on one occasion two bombers came straight over the station barely 35 ft. overhead. I have often seen the black crosses and the yellow noses as clearly as anything. I was standing on the platform considering the day's work. Everyone was at his usual job, when suddenly they appeared. How they missed us I don't know, but they did."

The guard on a train from Margate to London was equally nonchalant. I asked him whether he had ever been machine-gunned and his reply was: "No; but the bombs were dropped pretty close, blasting windows on various occasions. The first thing I knew was the sound of aircraft flying very low indeed. So I dropped down in the corner. It never occurred to me that Jerry would try to bomb us. But in came the window, all the glass went, and seven passengers on the train came staggering along covered in blood."

An engine-driver of a steam train told me that he cannot hear the sound of the enemy aircraft because of the noise of his own engine. He prefers to keep on at full speed if he is being attacked, unless he can see that the aircraft is dropping bombs immediately ahead of him along the track. What he does is to seize hold of the brake-handle, so that if he is hit he will bring it down and stop the train.

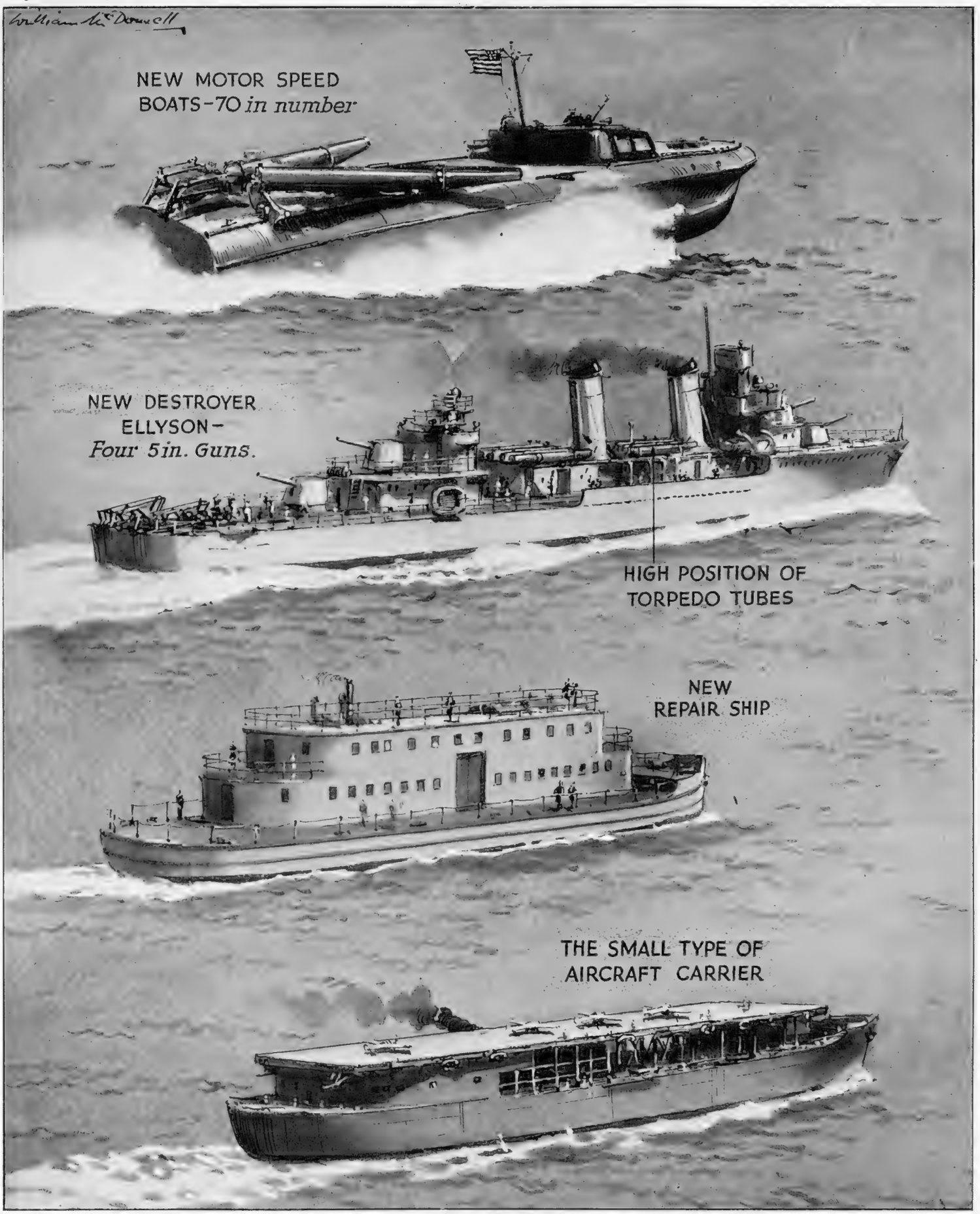
Here is the story of a fireman: "We had just left one town at 6 p.m. on a lovely spring evening. The first thing we heard was the rattle of machine-gun bullets on the boiler and in the cab. Six Messerschmitts came up from the rear of the train. There was no time to do anything except stand back. I had heard machine-guns in France in the last war, so I knew what was going to happen. They were all directed against the engine. The first burst pierced the boiler, and little spurts of steam shot out in all directions. The next Messerschmitt attacked, and there was still more spurts of steam. I forget which burst it was, but one of them absolutely riddled my driver, and I got one bullet through my left arm and another one through my thigh. We were going at 26 miles per hour, so I rushed across the cabin, closed the regulator (to shut off the steam); we were still being peppered and I could feel the draught from the propellers. I was also scalded on both hands. My mate managed to put the brake on despite his wounds. I told him to get down—he looked in bad shape. Then I got down too, and went to have a look at the train, fainted, came to, found I was bleeding, my clothes in rags, and my boots full of little bits of metal."

Charlie Stickler, the hero of this incident, received his British Empire Medal recently.

Here is the story of the driver of an electric train: "I was running into my terminus. Everything was quiet. While walking up to change the engine, there was a terrible rattle of cannon fire, so I jumped into the cab, dropped the window down, looked out, and there was a Messerschmitt diving right on to me only 50 yards away. There was a terrific roar. I knew this was mine, so I lay down. There was a tremendous crash, and I went for a ride over the side, with the whole of the first coach spinning right round. Hearing the machine-gun bullets, I lay low for a minute, and then got up. The cab was black with smoke. As I tried to open the door I found three policemen outside. One of them said, 'You're the luckiest man in the world: look at that!' Sure enough, one of these bombs had gone right across my window—only a foot in front—and landed a yard away on the platform. The live conductor rail was twisted right round the cab, acting as a hawser." Reg Denyer, the central figure in this incident, had been machine-gunned in his own garden only the day before. What chiefly interested him was that after his train had been hit, he found his pockets full of electric-light bulbs which the blast had driven into his clothes. Altogether, he has been machine-gunned six times.

NOT IDEAL CONDITIONS! An engine driver and his fireman erecting a screen between tender and cab to prevent glare from the furnace being spotted by enemy aircraft at night

The courage of the railway men all along the coast deserves a proper tribute. I cannot think why this has not yet been done. They take for granted that they are going to be attacked several times a week, and although they themselves are completely helpless, they laugh it off. Perhaps the Prime Minister will draw public attention to their heroism in the near future?



FOUR TYPES of NEW U.S. CRAFT now in SERVICE with the AMERICAN FLEET

—A series of drawings by Wm. McDowell

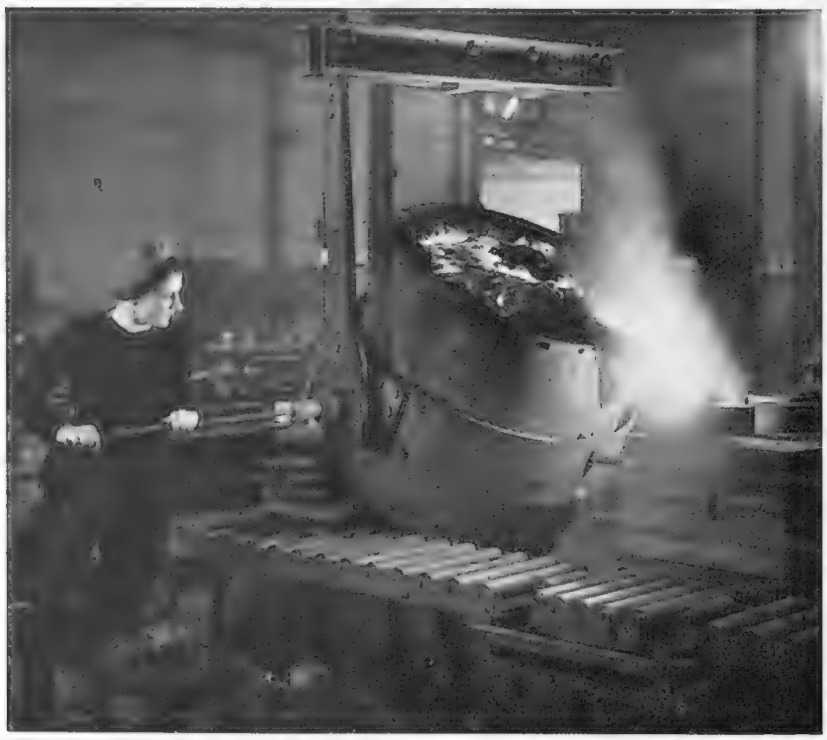
Reading from the top down, the four types are—1, the fast Motor Torpedo-Boat; 2, the new type of U.S. Destroyer; 3, the shallow-draught Repair Ship; and 4, the small type of Aircraft-Carrier

Torpedo-boat : The arrangement of the torpedo-tubes in this craft is unorthodox : they appear to be pivoted in such a fashion as to allow them to take a firing position at an acute angle on either beam. The U.S. Navy is reported to have placed orders for a great number of these craft, some of which are being made in Britain for shipment across the Atlantic. The length of the different types varies, but the speed seems to be in the neighbourhood of 40 knots or over. **Destroyer "Ellyson" :** The important feature of this class seems to be the high position of the groups of torpedo-tubes, which are arranged on the top of casings a deck higher than is usual in British vessels. This will keep them well above seas coming aboard and probably make them operable in heavy weather (although this might prove a doubtful advantage !). Note the solid bulwarks carried well aft, and the row of drain holes. The gear aft, which is covered from inquisitive eyes, is probably some new form of depth-charge release gear. **Repair ship :** Little more than a shallow-draught barge with repair shops erected on its deck. This odd-looking craft (reminiscent of the old-time paddlers of the Mississippi) is probably self-propelled—at slow speeds—by internal combustion engines. Obviously, it is not a deep-sea vessel. The three "rubbing strakes" along the sides suggest that it may be moored hard alongside another vessel, probably the one undergoing repair. The U.S. Navy already have a large repair ship in the shape of the *Vulcan* of 9,100 tons ; a second ship of this type is now under construction. **Small Aircraft-Carrier :** This is one of the Long Island class of converted merchantmen taken over in 1941 for conversion into "Escort Aircraft-Carriers." Many of them are to be transferred to the Royal Navy, according to American Press reports. The vessels are of 8,000 tons, and each can carry thirty fighters or from fifteen to twenty torpedo bombers : the armament consists of light anti-aircraft and machine-guns. Her speed is 16 knots. *Long Island* is 465 ft. in length : the bigger aircraft-carriers are well over 800 ft. But the conversion of a merchantman into one of these floating aerodromes can probably be carried out in one-tenth of the time required to build a new Carrier.

WOMEN AT WAR WORK

GIRL RIVET-HEATERS AT WORK WITH MEN on ships under construction in a British shipyard, where there has been a great influx of women labour

WOMEN WORKERS HELPING IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF A TANKER: There has been a great influx of women war-workers into shipbuilding, and they are doing very valuable jobs to help launch the ships which the country needs so much. At present there are thousands more employed in the shipyards than were employed during the whole of the last war: both women and girls are energetic in their work, which consists of rivet-heating, crane and truck driving, and the working of oxy-gas cutting machines



GIRLS ARE NOW MAKING STEEL FOR TANKS AND SHIPS: Miss Chris Haldane is here seen moulding parts for tanks: When the Ministry of Supply decided to open a new steel foundry in Scotland it was discovered that there were not enough men at hand to work it. Local women and girls, therefore, determined that the running of the new foundry should be their special war effort, with the result that they are now doing everything except the actual smelting of the iron ore into steel. (They are even learning to do this now!) This is one of the first pictures to be taken at the new foundry

"LITTLE AMERICA" IN LONDON

ONLY ONE ENGLISHMAN VISIBLE IN THE PICTURE! A street-crossing in the London Square which the U.S.A. forces have made their own

AMERICAN TROOPS IN MIXED ATTIRE go on a shopping expedition: Each U.S. soldier has ten different outfits as part of his service equipment

AT THE A.R.P. DEPOT IN "LITTLE AMERICA": Corporal Louis Sotoralis (of Wellesville, N.Y.) and Private Leland Powers (of Aurora, Illinois)

PRIVATE WAYNE OGLE (of Indianapolis) emphasises the warning at the back of a U.S. Army transport: Evidence of the growing strength of the U.S. armed forces in Britain is illustrated in a certain famous London Square. Almost everyone here is an American service-man. Alongside the big houses stand cars of all makes, "jeeps," and heavy Army lorries. This Square is a miniature city: there is a U.S. Army Post Office, a canteen, billets, clubs—everything to make a Square Mile of America in London

EIRE IS "PREPARED"

A RECENT PICTURE FROM DUBLIN, WITH THE STREET LIGHTS UNDIMMED: Since the threat of attack against Eire, the country's defences have been "brought up to date with modern equipment": the people, too, are confident of their country's ability to defend itself! At night, however, the lights of Dublin still blaze, to help the enemy raiders of Ulster—one of the few capitals in Europe where they do!

AN ARMOURED CAR OF THE EIRE ARMY, followed by a motor-cycle escort: Home-made cars such as these are growing in numbers: they are made in Eire's own factories. The country also has a number of Reconnaissance cars, fast and well-armed with Bren guns. The helmets worn resemble those of the British, not the German

THE PORT CONTROL: Every ship is examined on arrival, and here an Examination party is preparing to board an incoming vessel

THE MARINE SERVICE GUARDS THE PORTS: At Dublin these men examine all vessels. To the Marine Service has now been added a Volunteer Force called "Maritime Inscription." Most of the officers and men have been selected because of their previous Naval or Mercantile experience

R.A.F. RESCUES AT SEA

A PILOT "DOWNED" ABOVE THE SEA is rescued by a "Walrus" amphibian aircraft from his inflated rubber dinghy. The latter may have been dropped from another "spotting" aircraft

DINGHY FULLY INFLATED, AND THE PILOT AWAITING RESCUE: He can use the paddles to propel the craft; and stowed away around the dinghy's side are various necessities and stores

PREPARING TO FOLD A DINGHY FOR SERVICE, after it has been furnished with food, chocolate, tomato juice, hand paddles, etc. Hundreds of operational pilots and airmen owe their lives to the speed and efficiency of the R.A.F. Air-Sea Rescue Squadron operating round the coast to save the lives of airmen shot down, or forced down, into the sea. The Squadron is equipped with "Walrus" amphibians for the actual rescue work; Lysander planes for reconnaissance and location; and high-speed motor launches. The method of working is decided by the controlling officer immediately a distress signal is received. A Lysander is sent out with a dinghy equipped with rations, hand paddles, flares, torch and other rescue apparatus; immediately it locates the wrecked plane or airman in the sea it drops the dinghy and also smoke bombs which mark the location for the rescue amphibian aircraft or launch—whichever is decided to be the most efficient in the existing circumstances. In some cases, the "downed" pilots may find it possible to reach one of the special floating rafts moored in the Channel: here there are bunks, radio, food and medical outfits. High-speed launches arrive later to take the pilot off

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

STILL MAINLY ABOUT THE WAR

The Genius of Lin Yutang; An Epic of the Battle of Britain; Biographies of Roosevelt and General de Gaulle; Nordhoff and Hall Go to Botany Bay

LIN YUTANG'S new book has been for me unquestionably the novel of the week. A LEAF IN THE STORM (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is a romance played out against a background of China at war. There are no English officials, no American war correspondents and a great deal of the less spectacular side of war. The glimpse of Madame Chiang, directing air-raid rescue work in rolled-up sweater sleeves, is as near as the reader gets to the great in terms of celebrities, but the figures of Lin Yutang's fiction have their own greatness.

The three characters of his imperfect triangle are distinctly three types, drawn with his own black-and-white delicacy: the girl with the insecure, mysterious past, the rich young lover and the middle-aged mystic, half-saint, half-patriot. The love-affair of the two young people is tender and charming, but more or less, by intention, banal. The war to them is an uncomfortable echo, a purely physical and geographical disturbance. When their own small sorrows pitchfork them into it, they begin to live and to die through the spirit. Lao Peng, their mutual friend, unworldly but vastly human, resolves their problems not by philosophic discourse, but by the impact of his own personality on theirs. Both admire him, one loves him, and one dies to perpetuate that love. The triangle frames its own solution.

I quote the author: "The history of the China War . . . is written upon the minds and hearts of its generation. Fifty or a hundred years from now, tea-house gossip and old wives' tales will carry on the story of these storm-swept leaves. Every leaf in the storm is an individual with a heart and feelings and aspirations and longings, and each is as important as the others. Our task here is to trace what the war did to one woman, one leaf among the millions."

Read this. You are bound, I think, to enjoy it, and it may give you as well the beginnings of a feeling of intimate acquaintance with the little and great people of China.

"It is clear," says Flight-Lieut. John Strachey, in his foreword to ARISE TO CONQUER (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), "that the Battle of Britain must ever remain one of the decisive engagements in world history." The Prime Minister said much the same thing, in words which rang round the world. We can never know enough about that glorious, victorious, but unequal contest in those bright autumn skies of 1940, and we are doubly fortunate in the quality of the men to whom so very much is owed. For some of them are articulate; in print.

There are those of us who can be peculiarly grateful, especially the odd "middle-ager" who can still hump a pair of faded R.F.C. wings on a Home Guard battle-dress. For the flying-combat literature of the last mêlée with the Hun was, to say the least of it, exiguous. It was left to an anonymous American pilot, a member of a famous R.F.C. squadron, to write the air-combat classic of the last war—and even then he didn't know he was writing it.

Wing-Commander Ian Gleed, D.F.C. (who, but a few weeks ago, led a sweep of 600 fighters over Occupied France) has, in *Arise to Conquer*, written a book as imperishable as the deeds to which it constantly refers. If Wing-Commander Gleed had won many academic distinctions in the field of English literature—and I sincerely hope he hasn't—he could not have presented his story with a better technique. There is a directness about his eye for detail in straight narrative, a freshness about his dialogue, an unselfconscious and completely natural use of slang, and a positive quality of excitement from the word go.

I find it difficult not to quote chunks of this book, and I am afraid that these two bits must suffice.

"Hullo, Frank! What the hell have you been up to?"

"Well, old boy, I managed to get a couple of 110s and a 109; then I ran out of ammo. I was surrounded by 109s. One of them eventually hit me; the engine went up in flames, so I thought it was time to get out. I baled out at twelve thousand over the sea, and got blown over land by the wind. I landed slap in the middle of Weymouth High Street, and damned nearly got run over by a bus."

The last paragraph of this remarkable book goes like this. Referring to his squadron, he says: "So far in this war we have knocked down 135 Huns confirmed, probably destroyed 47 more, and damaged 42. Sixteen of my comrades have died to achieve this, some through enemy action and some through flying accidents. They have left behind them very happy memories."

The man who leads the Free French and who, in those black days of 1940, was the rallying-point of all those patriots who were prepared to die to see their country free again, is not, except for a few photographs and some matter-of-fact newspaper accounts, well known to most of us. In writing his long and sympathetically-conceived biography, M. Philippe Barrés has given us something more than a timely sketch of a famous man.

CHARLES DE GAULLE (Continental Publishers—Hachette. 5s.) is published in French, a very clear and lucid French, and will, I hope, win the appreciation it deserves. M. Barrés traces the general's career from the days when he was vainly advocating the importance of mechanised forces in the French Army, to that fateful week when he flew to England to see Churchill, and together, on the telephone, they assured Paul Reynaud of England's complete and unswerving loyalty and support, and told him of a proposal that might yet save the day for France.

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"But hurry," said Paul Reynaud. "Time is getting short. *Le temps presse de plus en plus.*" For the France of Paul Reynaud and de Gaulle it was already too late.

The writer lived through these days, in Paris and at Bordeaux, "*ville de nos defaites,*" with General de Gaulle and near Reynaud. He writes a chapter, not only of the General's, but of France's history in these pages.

There is an ideal called Anglo-American understanding, for which all good men and true on both sides of the Atlantic most earnestly strive. The British who are, with reason, frequently accused of a lack of appreciation of the finer qualities in the great American nation, can at least be said to be unanimous about one thing. They honour Franklin Delano Roosevelt not only as a great man, but as one of the greatest statesmen of all time.

It may surprise some of my readers to know that even at this time and date there are citizens of the United States who regard their President as a dangerous menace to what they call their way of life. Most of them are rich and influential: all of them are vocal. I have heard 40,000 people in Madison Square Garden rise and cheer one of their erstwhile heroes when he declared, in an hysterical outburst, that Roosevelt were better dead.

To understand this remarkable man to whom millions of civilised beings all over the world turn as to a great leader; to understand the kind of passions he arouses in his own country; to understand the force which swept him into a third term of office for the first time in the history of the American Constitution; to understand his idealism, his courage and his triumph over a physical ailment which would overcome a lesser man—to understand these and many other things about him, I can sincerely recommend ROOSEVELT: WORLD STATESMAN (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.).

Mr. Basil Woon gives, as his reasons for writing this "modest biography," admiration for the man "of whom I write, and affection for the Americans, among whom I lived so long." Mr. Woon is not only a good biographer, but a good reporter, and it was in that working capacity that he first met President Roosevelt. If I have any criticism to make, it is that he lets the President's critics off too lightly. But perhaps that is not a criticism, for, after all, what he has set out to do is to make a portrait of a great man who strides so far ahead of his detractors that they dwindle in the distance.

BOTANY BAY (Chapman and Hall. 9s. 6d.) is exactly what its title suggests—a history of the first Australian convict settlement, and the fact that it is, first of all, a novel, and secondly, a novel by Mr. Charles Nordhoff and Mr. James Norman Hall, who were together responsible for a moderately well-known account of the mutiny on the *Bounty*, makes it none the less an interesting example of the practice of historical research.

For here are all the horrors of Newgate Prison, and of a convict ship, all the minutiæ of the bribing of gaolers, by which one could attain, except for the pervasive Newgate stench, a certain degree of comfort even in one's cell; and all the physical horrors and squalors that were a prisoner's lot, whether he had stolen a chicken or killed a man.

Messrs. Nordhoff and Hall have a peculiar technique in this respect—that they preface the more lurid and stomach-turning of their descriptions with an apology from their hero who, not wishing to dwell on these sad scenes, is constrained to devote not more than half a chapter at a time to a detailed account of floggings and weevils and drunkenness and general debauchery. The collaborators take a poor view of eighteenth-century England, of which they only emphasise one aspect, and they are at some pains to underline the essentially American characters of their hero and heroine.

Hugh Tallant comes to England as a boy, to find some recompense for the risks he and his family have taken as Loyalists during the American War of Independence. Unsuccessful in this, he tries an easier way of making money, and is sentenced to transportation for life after his first attempt at highway robbery. He sails for Botany Bay with an assortment of gentlemanly rascals, and a horrifying band of viragoes, to found the first convict settlement on the shores of Sydney Harbour.

On the ship he meets an American girl, innocent but voluntarily accompanying her father into exile, and it is their love-story which, in some measure lightens the prevailing gloom and horror of the novel. For after Hugh's spectacular escape in an open boat across a thousand miles of sea, they return together to Australia and to the pioneer life which both prefer.

Emphatically not Nordhoff and Hall at their best, but it is still impossible for them not to tell a story well.

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The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

NEW PLAYS IN LONDON

By PHILIP PAGE

ONE should be thankful that the magic hand of Mr. C. B. Cochran has not yet vanished from the London theatre, although touches of it in recent years have been all too infrequent. His latest revue, *Big Top*, at His Majesty's, is up to the Cochran standard, and every show which this magician presents is in almost every case better than those presented by other people. The author is Mr. Herbert Farjeon, who has had sundry collaborators. The large majority of the items are first-rate, outstanding being "Wedding Reception," a South American scene (with Carmen Miranda stuff), a gipsy scene, some vastly amusing ballet talk, and a tasting of unutterably filthy wines in a restaurant necessarily nameless, with a burlesque of *Macbeth* which did not, to my way of thinking, stand out as prominently as I had expected.

Miss Beatrice Lillie is, as they say, chief provider of the fun, and she provides it in plenty. Her familiar little tricks of gesture and deliberate under-statement continue to bear the test of time, and if they are, perhaps, more suited to cabaret entertainment than to a large theatre, she was received in everything she did with yells of laughter, which she certainly deserved. Mr. Fred Emney amused me hugely (*c'est le mot juste*), and Miss Patricia Burke is a real charmer, with brains and personality. Miss Madge Elliott and Mr. Cyril Ritchard are also brilliant and indispensable members of the cast. Sirens (not the air-raid sort) and scenery are all that they should be.

Awake and Sing (Arts).—I know the Bronx district of New York, though I have never lived with a Jewish family there. Presumably Mr. Clifford Odets, the author of this play, has. Yet I find it difficult to believe that the Bronx Jews are as quarrelsome, self-pitying, grasping, dictatorial and generally unpleasant as the group of them depicted here. Only three of the long list of characters are even tolerable. However, the author's aim is not to show us pleasant people, but to point out, like the fanatical Left Winger that he is, that the world can be made right only by abolishing capitalism. Oh yeah?

The piece is well acted, notably by Miss Lilly Kann as the domineering mother, though she made more noise than I have ever heard in any theatre, large or small.

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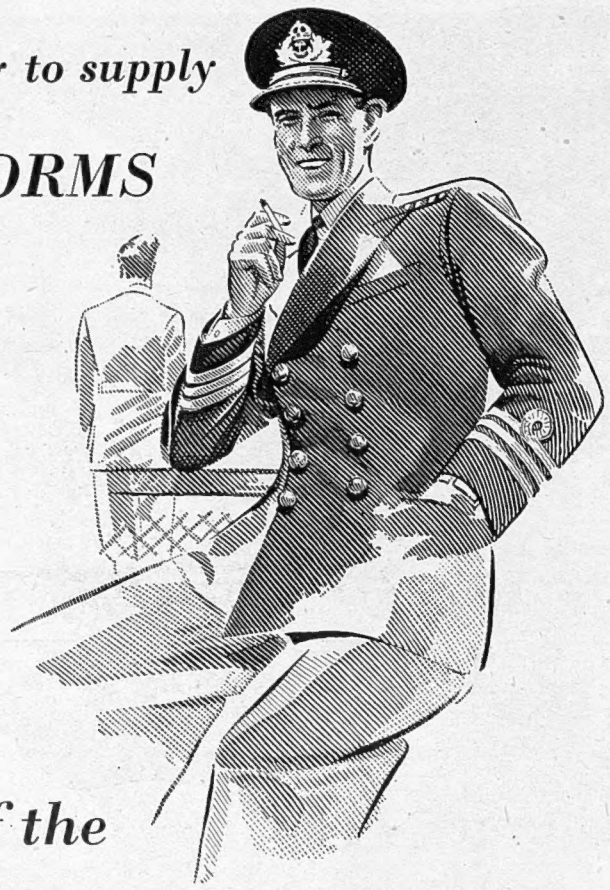

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ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.*

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Traditional superiority. Combines all the factors that one expects to find in a first-class hotel, Restaurant, grill room, men's bar, Richmonde Lounge—the social rendezvous of Bournemouth—with The Norfolk Hotel Broadcasting Orchestra. Apartments each with P.O. telephone and most with private bathroom. Tel. 7272 every room. *Resident Directors :* Mr. and Mrs. F. J. McInnes.

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In these abnormal times patrons for lunch or dinner are urged to book tables in advance. Ring Hurley 244, preferably 24 hours previously.

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The unchallenged Chatwood leadership in the realm of Security Engineering is thus but the normal result of the natural conditions controlling leadership in every sphere of activity.

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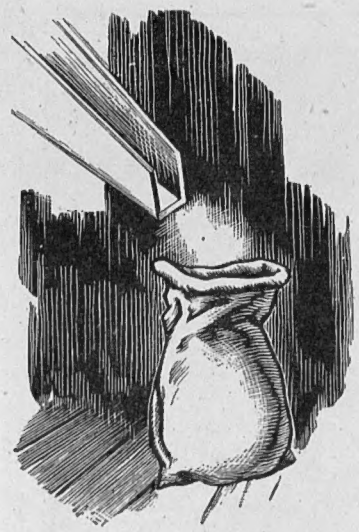

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The help which you are able to give may seem small—but multiplied many times it will result in a sum large enough to keep our vitally importan work going . . . to avert the tragedy that Cancer would bring to thousands more every year if we were not here to help. We must depend upon ***you*** to help us maintain our humane work. You will not fail us, will you?

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Unsweetened Lemon, Orange, Grapefruit in half bottles, 1/9

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Index of sizes clearly marked on stem.

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"Makers of the World's Finest Pipes"

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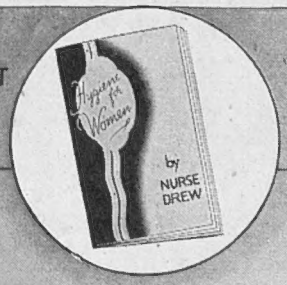

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(We cannot publish the officer's name or ship, but the original letter can be produced among many other testimonials at our office.)

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